

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



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1964



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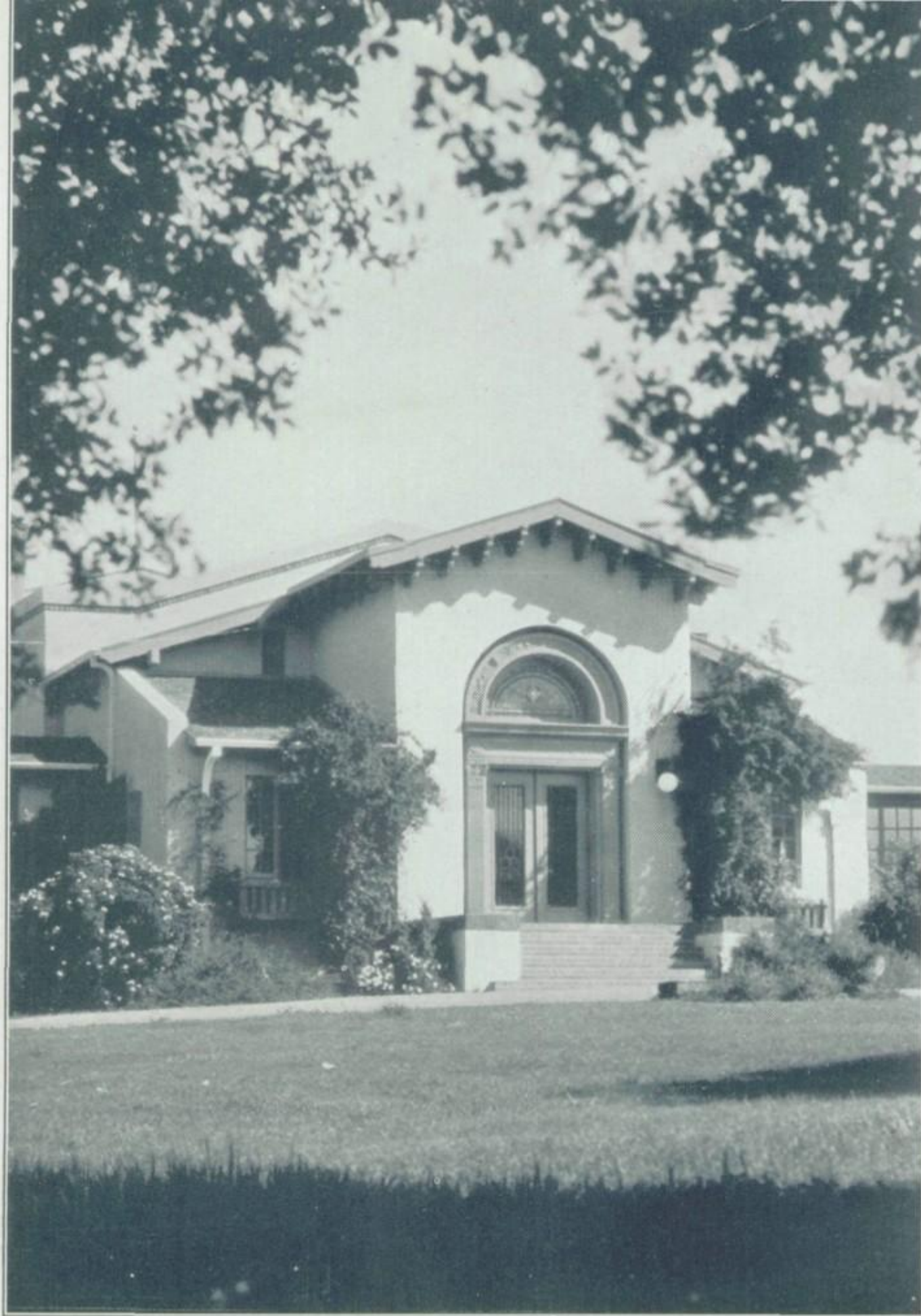


RECOVERY ISSUE



GREENBACK NOTES

1935



OUR
ALMA
MATER

Dedication

WANY great leaders in the history of our noble land have aided our country in the time of great distress. Eminent men such as Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt have devoted their prolific minds to the solving of stupendous problems which have confronted and are now confronting our nation.

A mere statement of what these great men have done and are doing for our vast country would fill books. We, the Senior Class of San Juan High School, through our "Recovery Yearbook," are but trying in a very humble way to show the appreciation that is so deeply and sincerely felt by the whole people of a mighty nation.

To these unselfish leaders of the present and of the past, to the Spirit of Recovery which guided them, the Seniors of 1935, who are the recipients of the benefits of their great deeds, dedicate this *Recovery* Edition of the GREENBACK NOTES.

LELAND BALDWIN,

Editor of GREENBACK NOTES '35

GREENBACK NOTES...

1935



Twelfth Annual Edition

Edited and Published by the
Class of 1935
San Juan Union High School
Fair Oaks, California



The Faculty

Eunice Fitch

P. M. Hugin

Alinda MacLeod

Hazel Orelli

George R. Paine

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WILLIAM T. MOONEY	G. PATTERSON NIXON	HAZEL O. ORELLI
GEORGE R. PAINE	ARDATH L. PRICE	EDWARD E. SNYDER

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University of California
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Stanford University
Science

The Faculty

WATSON L. JOHNS

College of Pacific
Principal



Foreword

•

THIS *Recovery* yearbook is the twelfth annual edition of GREENBACK NOTES. Prior to 1924, the yearbook was published every two years—and even less often during the first few years after the school was built. From a very small beginning the book has increased in size and improved in quality until it now ranks among the best yearbooks in our state. In every contest in which GREENBACK NOTES has been entered, it has “come away with flying colors”—even winning first class honor ratings in national contests. At the Northern California High School Press Association held at Chico, it has placed first or second each year. It has always “paid for itself” through its advertising section and through its assessments on organizations for individual pages. In addition to paying all its own expenses, it has been the largest contributor to San Juan’s Student Scholarship Loan—contributing as much as one hundred dollars on three different occasions.

Each year the book develops a very definite theme which is carried out in every section in the write-ups and illustrations. This plan at times entails much research work and study, but it results in a more artistic and more intelligently planned book, and furnishes much of educational value for the students.

San Juan has always been justly proud of its yearbook, and the Staff of 1935 sincerely hopes that this *Recovery* Edition of GREENBACK NOTES will fulfill its purpose—to shed rays of happiness in this aftermath of Depression and to provide a treasure house of golden memories for the faculty and student body.

JOSEPHINE A. V. BARATINI,
Yearbook Advisor.



THROUGHOUT the centuries, it is true, many great things have been recovered, and these recoveries can always be traced to definite starting points. *Large* things from *small* beginnings come.

The minute cogwheel turned by the eagle's claws shows the beginning of a recovery of boundless importance.

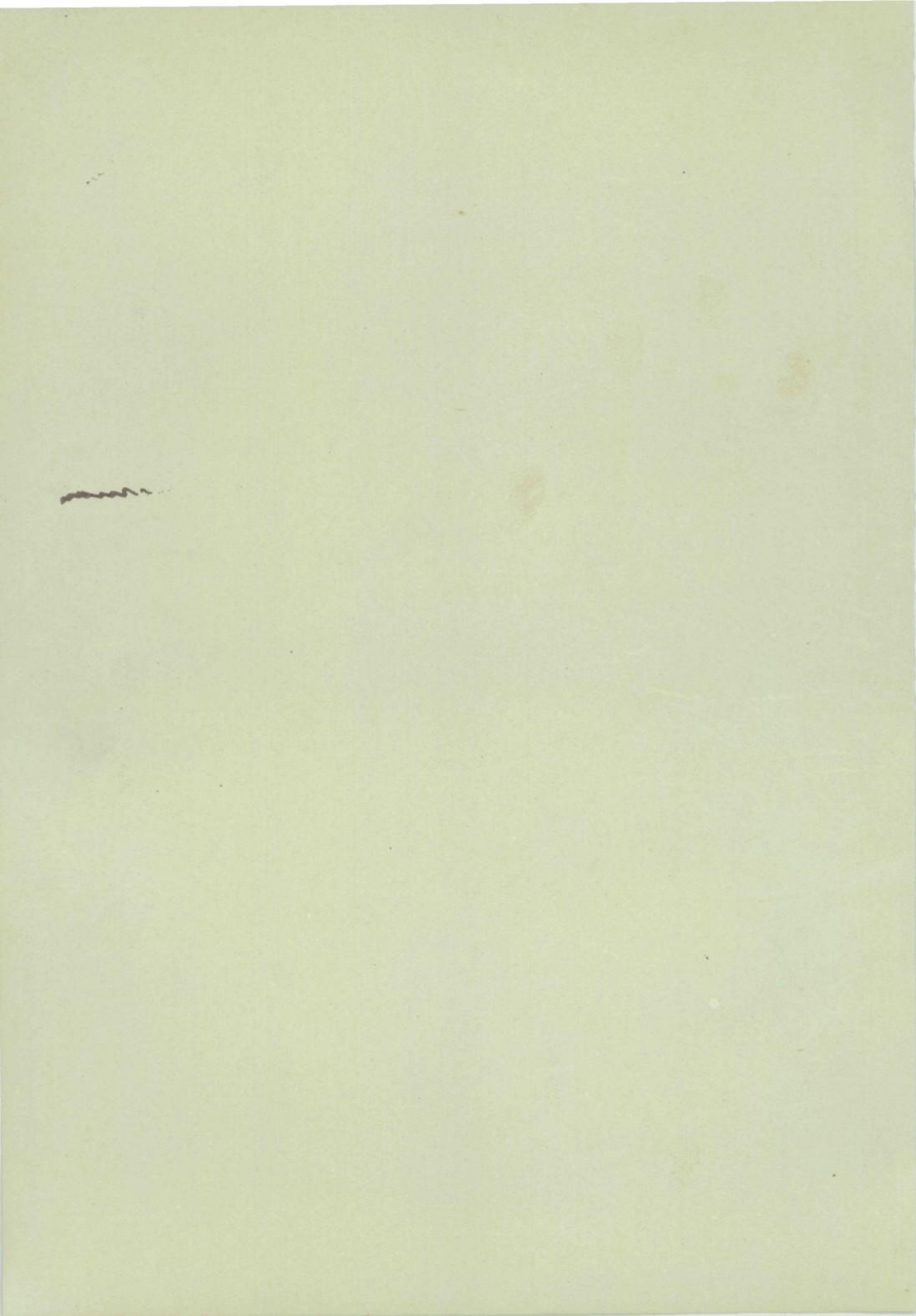
Hazel Fraser, '36.



First Prize Cut

The School





Senior Class of 1935

Dellie Carey

HARUYE ARASE	FRANKLIN ASTLE	LELAND BALDWIN
STEVE BARANEK	CHARLES BARTELLS	DONALD BENNETT
THEDA CALL	WILLIAM CASTEN	RICHARD CODMAN
BENA COLOMBO	KENNETH COPREN	PEGGY CORKETT



ON the morning of September, 14, 1931, we—the Class of 1935—enrolled at San Juan. The first two weeks were rather difficult for some of us, but we were well repaid by the Freshman Reception for all the hard knocks and slams of the upper-classmen. Ninety-seven Freshmen were there—right on the dot, for you see, we were very much afraid of the Seniors and what they might try to do if some did not show up. Anyway, 97 “babies” were present with their various toys — rattles, dolls, balls, bottles, etc. After a short initiation in which *Tom Norton*—later our school yell leader—led us in some yells, we had a short program. *Kathleen Edgett* (who left school during her Junior year to get married), and *Mary May Ward* sang a duet. As a thrilling climax to our evening’s merriment, our President, *Leland Baldwin*, was taken for a ride in a perambulator.

Perhaps Leland was treated a bit roughly that night, but it was all worthwhile, for now he is the honorable Editor of GREENBACK NOTES.

Alva Saul was Vice-President of the Freshman Class, and now you can see him out in the pitcher’s box on the baseball diamond.

Ruth Morley, the Class Historian, is now Associate Editor of the GREENBACK NOTES.

Our advisors for the year 1931-32 were Mrs. Gladys Wallace and Mr. G. P. Nixon.

Our loyal officers who led our class for 1932-33 were: *Betty Cowan*, President; *Johnnie Cowan*, Vice-President; *Lisle Selby*, Secretary; *Robert Hauser*, Treasurer; *Gertrude Stout*, Historian; *Miss E. Clark*, Mr. E. E. Snyder, Mr. G. Paine, Advisors.

Senior Class of 1935



STILLMAN
CORTELL

JOHN
COWAN

BETTY
COWAN

HELEN
DAVIS

LUCILE
DICKSON

DOROTHY
DOWNING

GLEN
DOWNING

DESMOND
EATON

ALBERTA
FOWLER

LORENE
FOX

CHARLES
GIMBEL

JACK
GLANCY

On March the third, we entertained our schoolmates and friends at our "pink elephant" Sophomore Hop which a record number of students attended and pronounced a real success in every way.

On March the fifteenth, we exhibited exceptional dramatic and musical talent when we took charge of the assembly program. We presented to the student body with real finish and artistry the little one-act play, "The White Hawk," and a clever little skit, "The First Client." Scott Shaw fascinated his audience with his piano solos, and Ruth Morley with her clarinet and Kathleen Edgett and Mary May Ward with their vocal duets, completed a really fine program.

We were active, too, in our school organizations and on athletic teams. Even one of our members, Ruth Morley, was an officer in the Honor Scholarship Society, which honor she has continued to retain.

The officers for our Junior year were: Bill Casten, President; Scott Shaw, Vice-President; Ruth Morley, Secretary; Lorene Fox, Treasurer; Dorothy Orwig, Comm. of Entertainment; Mary Jane Turnbull, Historian; Mr. E. E. Snyder, Mr. G. Paine, Mr. R. G. Lawrence, Miss E. Charter, Miss D. McKee, Advisors.

Our third year was one whose program was varied and whose social activities were outstanding. On January 30, 1934, the Juniors presented their class program before the student body. It featured the unique idea of broadcasting the entire program by means of a microphone hook-up between Room 10 and the auditorium. Vocal solos were offered by Dorothy Orwig and Mary May Ward, and instrumental numbers by Scott Shaw at the piano and Lorene Fox at the violin. There were also several comedians who

Senior Class

of
1935
Philip

IRMA GREEN	LEONARD HALL	ROY HARPER
PHILIP HARRIS	DOROTHY HARRISON	ROBERT HAUSER
RICHARD HEATH	ALWIN HEIM	HAZEL HILLYARD
MELBA HIXSON	HATTIE HOLLAND	CLYDE HULETT



added zest to the program, for example, *Dorothy Harrison* as "Tissy Lish."

On February 23, we held our annual Junior Prom. The beautifully decorated auditorium carried out a patriotic theme. Red, white, and blue streamers were strung from a large crystal ball suspended from the center of the ceiling that reflected the myriad lights surrounding it. Portraits of George Washington and graceful flags and pennants added the final touch to the patriotic idea. Dainty refreshments were served to the many students and alumni and their friends who came to enjoy the dancing.

On May 10, the Juniors presented their annual play—this year a three-act comedy, "Heart Trouble," with a cast of ten: *Helen Davis, Lisle Selby, Mary May Ward, Charlie Bartells, Hattie Holland, Joyce Lawrence, Paul Orwig, Leland Baldwin, Peggy Corbett, Tommy Norton.*

The audience thoroughly enjoyed the amusing Morrison family with their familiar domestic problems.

May 29 brought the Junior-Senior Banquet, an outstanding event of every school year. The class again carried out the theme of the GREENBACK NOTES. Gold offers many lovely possibilities, and no doubt the 1934 Junior-Senior Banquet took its rightful place beside its glorious predecessors. With *Lisle Selby* as toastmaster, the evening went off in grand style. Short talks were given by Junior President *Bill Casten*, Senior President *Fannie Leonard*, Mr. Armstrong, Coach Paine, Student Body President *Bruce Duncan*, and others. A string quartet entertained during the banquet, and after that there was dancing in Room 10.

In December, when the operetta "Bobby" was given, three Juniors (*Richard Codman, Robert Hauser, and Mary*

Senior Class of 1935



LOUISE
IRWIN

ELNA
JOHNSON

RAYMOND
JOHNSON

MARY
KORICH

JOYCE
LAWRENCE

LOUIS
LOGAN

DOROTHEA
MARK

JESSIE
McGRATH

LELAND
McKEOWN

MARGARET
MONTGOMERY

RUTH
MORLEY

RAMONA
NAY

May Ward) had leading roles, while at least fifteen others sang in the chorus.

The class officers for 1934-35 are: President, Scott Shaw; Vice-President, Doris Osborne; Secretary, Betty Cowan; Treasurer, Bill O'Neal. The Advisors are: Mr. Edward Snyder, Mr. William Mooney, Mrs. Josephine Baratini, Miss Eileen Charter.

On November 23, 1934, the Seniors presented their annual play entitled "Whimsy," a four-act comedy. Neil Wilson and Peggy Corbett had the leads.

The operetta, "Polished Pebbles," was presented December 20, under the leadership of Mr. P. M. Hugin and Miss Eunice Fitch. Three Seniors had leads—Mary May Ward, Lorene Fox, and Dorothy Orwig, while several others—including Margaret Montgomery, Glen Downing, Bena Colombo, Robert Hauser, and Alva Saul—sang in the chorus. In the

orchestra were: Doris Osborne, Kenneth Copren, Lorene Walker, Howard Newell, Ruth Morley, Bill O'Neal, and Paul Orwig.

Meanwhile the football team, with Steve Baranek as captain, had been winning games. Some of his able team-mates were: Richard Codman, Leland McKeown, Leonard Hall, Clyde Hulett, Barney Johnson, Raymond Johnson, Joe Smith, and James Wheat.

Richard Heath was appointed by the President of the Senior Class to organize a basketball team composed of boys not having played on any league teams. Franklin Astle, Donald Bennett, Roy Harper, Stillman Cortell, Tom Norton, and Louis Logan were on this team.

There are several Seniors that have been especially interested in the study of Agriculture—Jack Glancy, Alwin Heim, and Philip Harris; Desmond Eaton and

Senior Class of 1935

HOWARD
NEWELL

ROBERT
NEWELL

TOM
NORTON

HOMER
NOSS

BILL
O'NEAL

DOROTHY
ORWIG

PAUL
ORWIG

DORIS
OSBORNE

CERNA
OWEN

MAX
REESE

MARJORIE
ROSE

ELEANOR
ROSE



Raymond Johnson are President and Vice-President, respectively, of the Future Farmers.

And we have one Eagle Scout among our Senior boys—*Homer Noss*!

The Spartan, our school paper, this year had three able and up-to-date editors: *Ramona Nay*, *Elna Johnson*, and *Hattie Holland*.

Early in the year GREENBACK NOTES sponsored a Student Body program in which every class or organization was asked to take part. On this program the Senior Class presented a one-act play entitled "A Midnight Fantasy" with a cast of two: *Dorothy Harrison* and *Dorothy Orwig*, under the direction of *Mrs. Barattini*. In the play *Dorothy Orwig* represented a modern type of girl, while *Dorothy Harrison* represented a sweet Colonial lady. They made beautiful and dainty "pictures"—to the delight of a truly ap-

preciative audience. (The picture frames for this little fantasy were made by the boys in Mr. Nixon's shop, probably assisted by *Francis Green*, whose main interest is in shop work. He has been a very faithful helper of Mr. Nixon, and this year has been capably working in the tool-room.)

Room 3 has been a source of attraction to several busy Seniors who are typing their way to careers in the business world. *Dorothea Mark* and *Louise Irwin* make use of every spare moment to master the "keys."

We notice that the boys have been quite active in their sports, but the girls have been active, too, especially in their interclass games. *Gertrude Stout* is the President of the Girls' Block S. J., to which several Seniors were admitted this year: *Ollie Carey*, *Dorothy Downing*, *Lorene Fox*, *Mary Korich*, *Jessie McGrath*,

Senior Class of 1935



RUTH
RUSSELL

ALVA
SAUL

LISLE
SELBY

SCOTT
SHAW

JOE
SMITH

GLADYS
STARK

GERTRUDE
STOUT

CLARENCE
TAYLOR

MARY JANE
TURNBULL

JOHN
VANCE

LORENE
WALKER

MARY MAY
WARD

JAMES
WHEAT

ETHEL
WILLIAMSON

NEIL
WILSON

Dorothy Orwig, Doris Osborne, Ethel Williamson, and Gladys Stark, captain of the Senior girls' basketball team. Several other Senior girls have played on two or more teams during their high school days: Haruye Arase, Hazel Hillyard, Melba Hixson, and Ramona Nay.

And what would the Home Economics Department do without Alberta Fowler, who is Miss Berckhan's right-hand lady? And how the teachers do appreciate her coffee!

The Class of 1935 had more than its share of newcomers this year — seven Seniors transferred from other schools: Bill Bond, from Sacramento High; Florence Howie, from Los Angeles High; Cerna Owen, from Grant High; Dan Phillippe, from Los Gatos High; Eleanor and Marjorie Rose, from Sacramento High; and Lorene Walker, from Folsom High. This class was happy to welcome them into its ranks—and they are all real "San Juanites" now.

Staff of "Greenback Notes" 1935



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RUTH MORLEY
Associate Editor

LISLE SELBY
Class Will

GERTRUDE STOUT
Girls' Athletics

RAMONA NAY
Literature

DOROTHY DOWNING
Art

HAZEL ORELLI
Art Advisor

ELNA JOHNSON
Business Manager

ELEANOR ROSE
Exchanges

JOSEPHINE BARATINI
Yearbook Advisor

BETTY COWAN
Dramatics

PAUL ORWIG
Music

SCOTT SHAW
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Alumni

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MELBA HIXSON
Calendar

ROBERT HAUSER
Boys' Athletics

LORENE FOX
Senior Section

MARY JANE TURNBULL
Society

JOYCE WARD
Prophecy

The Juniors

OFFICERS

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ROBERT CHAIX.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ESTHER LOHSE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
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BARBARA PEFLEY.....	<i>Historian</i>

ADVISORS

MR. G. P. NIXON	MRS. A. MACLEOD
MR. P. M. HOGIN	MISS G. KNOCK
MR. G. PAINE	

ON the 12th day of September, 1932, we, a group of awkward, noisy young people, came romping to San Juan to start our Freshman year of high school. The upper classmen were unspeakably mortified to think that such people as we should be permitted in their dignified school. In fact, some of them are just recovering from the shock.

During our Freshman year we were commended on our fine performance at our Freshman Reception, and on our participation in the other activities of the school.

Our Sophomore year proved to be just as successful as our first year. We gave our memorable Sophomore Hop, our Sophomore Program, and were again prominent in such activities as athletics, clubs, musical performances, and the Honor Scholarship Society.

On September 10, 1934, we started our school life as Juniors. How important we felt! How glad we were that at last we were recovering from our boisterous ways and were becoming dignified citizens of San Juan. During the first week we elected our officers who are our able leaders at the present time.

We have found ourselves on a steeper hill that we have yet attempted to climb. With the fine moral support, however, of our guide, Mr. W. L. Johns, and the aid of our faculty advisors, we are certain to reach the top.

In the operetta, "Polished Pebbles," presented by the Music Department, six of the nine leading characters were portrayed by Juniors. Many of us, too, have taken part in the athletic events and have continued our high scholastic standards.

The Junior Play, "The Boomer," was



presented under the able direction of Miss Eileen Charter, with Beatrice Johns and Ray Haak playing the leading roles.

The theme of the Junior Prom was "Rainbows." The auditorium was beautifully decorated in rainbow colors, and the large crowd of dancers enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Our Junior-Senior Banquet will carry

out the theme of "Greenback Notes" '35, and we know that a very enjoyable evening is in store for both Seniors and Juniors at this lovely event.

We now feel that we are ready to enter our Senior year in high school, knowing that we have recovered entirely from the odd mannerisms which held full sway over us during our early high school days.

JUNIOR GIRLS

Barrett, Josephine
Campoy, Anne
Cannon, Geraldine
Carroll, Mildred
Chapman, Louise
Cooley, Norma
Corbitt, Annie Mai
Croxen, Phyllis
Culverhouse, Lottie
Dickson, Norma

Dickson, Dorothy
Eggers, Veda
Fraser, Hazel
Gilman, Virginia
Goddard, Dorothy
Hard, Dorothy
Havermann, Violet
Hixson, Betty
Holsinger, Charlotte
Johns, Beatrice

Lohse, Esther
Maddocks, Muriel
McKeown, Thelma
Niles, Garnette
Norton, Phyllis
Pefley, Barbara
Peugh, Ariel
Reber, Stella
Rettig, Laura
Slight, LaVerne

Smith, Addie
Stanfield, Edna
Ward, Joyce
Whitsell, Elizabeth
Wilkin, Dorothy
Williamson, Florence
Wright, June
Zimmerman, Carolyn
Zvalo, Agnes

JUNIOR BOYS

Arase, Isamu
Baker, Elmer
Barrett, Vernon
Beemer, James
Bolin, Dick
Broadley, Burk
Brown, Kenneth
Chaix, Robert
Clark, Justin
Coldani, Henry
Crane, Roy

Dodds, Richard
Ebert, Fritz
Edgett, Frederick
Frates, Irving
Gavrilko, Walter
Gimbel, Francis
Greenhalgh, Howard
Gysbers, Jack
Haak, Ray
Heim, Adolph
Hemmingsen, Dick

Hulett, Raleigh
Johnston, Marion
Kageta, Joe
Krause, Charles
Lenz, Val
Linville, Orvin
Mapel, Thomas
McNabb, Virgil
Osterli, Willis
Ovren, Randal
Patterson, Jim

Prochaska, John
Raymond, Robert
Schultz, William
Sertich, John
Skidmore, Kenneth
Smallwood, W. C.
Smilanick, John
Stansfield, Jack
Thompson, Fred
Vance, Bill
Vincent, John



The Sophomores

OFFICERS

<i>First Semester</i>		<i>Second Semester</i>
LOWELL SMILEY.....	<i>President</i>	QUENTIN TOMICH
JOE MURRAY BROADLEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	LOWELL SMILEY
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EILEEN ROGERS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	PAUL BLUNK
ELEANOR TOMICH.....	<i>Reporter</i>	ELEANOR TOMICH
VERA GRAHAM.....	<i>Historian</i>	VERA GRAHAM
JOE MURRAY BROADLEY.....	<i>Council Representative</i>	JOE MURRAY BROADLEY

ADVISORS

MISS M. HENCH
MR. R. G. LAWRENCE

MR. G. HALL
MISS H. ORELLI

THIS YEAR the Sophomores have accomplished much. Under the leadership of very capable officers, they have carried on all their activities with a fine spirit of enthusiasm.

When the Student Body Program was presented in October, the Sophomores were one of the "hits" of the evening. Their little play, "Dress Rehearsal," which was directed by Miss Hensch, brought gales of laughter from the audience. This Class of 1937 has much dramatic talent, indeed—so their class activities for their Junior and Senior years are awaited with great anticipation by their schoolmates.

On November 24, 1934, was the first big event, the annual Sophomore Hop. A Spanish theme was chosen and carried

out in a very brilliant manner. The auditorium was transformed into a beautiful Spanish garden, and overlooking the garden were many colorful balconies. The feature of the evening was the singing of Spanish serenades by a beautiful senorita (Nina Jean Maloney).

With the largest enrollment of any class in San Juan, the Sophomores have been outstanding in all school activities. In every sport they have won honors. Many, too, are enrolled in the Honor Scholarship Society, proving their mental, as well as physical, alertness. In the operetta, "Polished Pebbles," they also played important roles.

The Class of '37 has truly exemplified the spirit of this "Age of Recovery," and it is their earnest hope that their Junior



and Senior years will be as enthusiastic and fruitful.

The following is the class roll of this largest of the four classes at San Juan.

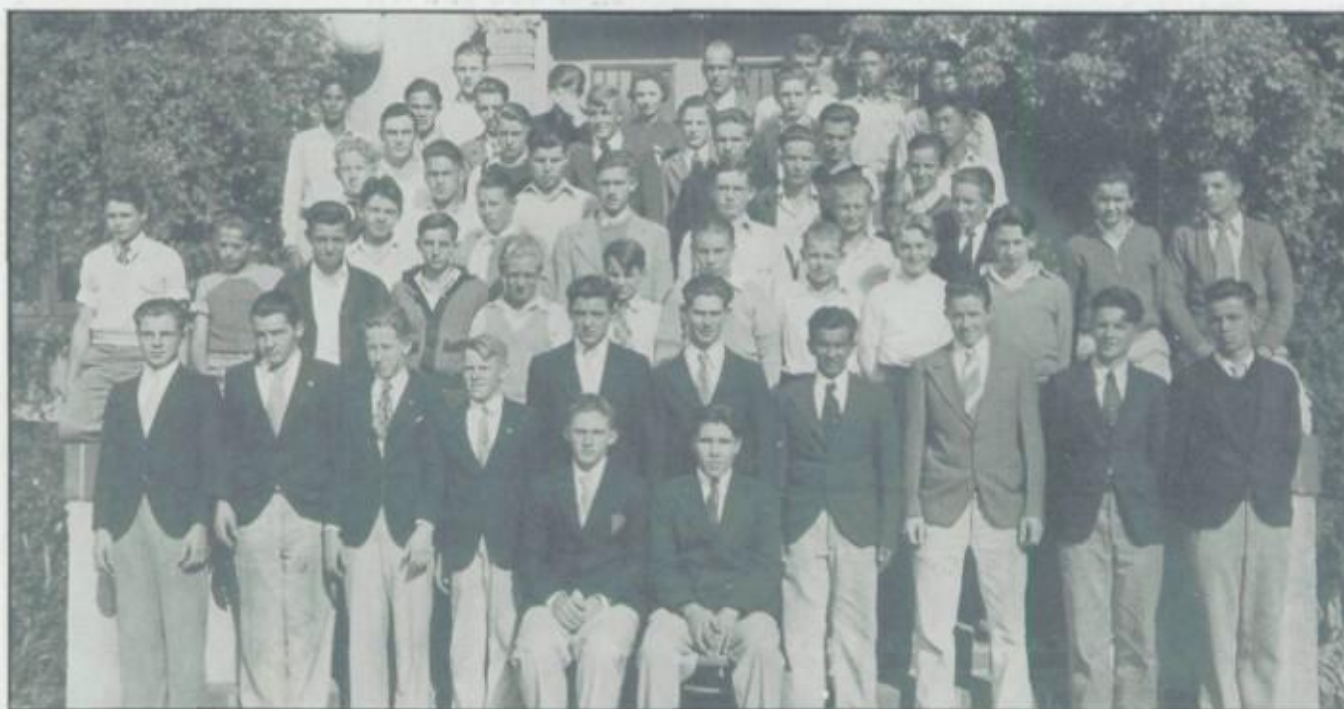
It is the earnest hope of the officers that all these members remain at our beloved school and be together at a brilliant graduation in 1937.

SOPHOMORE GIRLS

Anderson, Frances	Gibbons, Elsie	Maloney, Nina Jean	Smith, Gretchen
Astle, Mary	Gilmore, Marilyn	Miller, Frances	Studt, Margaret
Ball, Velma	Graham, Vera	Mueller, Annie	Terry, Ozelle
Bieth, Rose	Graves, Alois	Neuerburg, Carol	Thomas, Doris
Borsberry, Alberta	Graves, Dorothy	O'Branovich, Mary	Thompson, Ruth
Caldwell, Delilah	Haislip, Dorothy	Orsi, April	Tomich, Eleanor
Caskey, Marian	Harper, Gladys	Phillippe, Virginia	Wallace, Maxine
Carey, Carmine	Hauptman, Tillie	Poissant, Virginia	Wallner, Audria
Cohen, Cleo	Hauser, Freda	Rhinesmith, Wilma	Wartell, Jeanne
Doll, Evelyn	Holford, Oretha	Rogers, Eileen	Warner, Dorothy
Eaton, Peggy	Howard, Phoebe	Ross, Shirley	Wildberger, Lois
Filcher, Jeanne	Krause, Leora	Shultz, Phyllis	Zahara, Annie
	Lopez, Iris	Shumate, Ida Mae	

SOPHOMORE BOYS

Arend, Harry	Davies, Richard	Kennedy, Whitney	Rowland, Bill
Behncke, Bill	Davis, Boyce	Lewis, Mayo	Saree Ram, John
Blanchard, John	Davis, Robert	Lord, Edgar	Schanz, Charles
Blunk, Paul	Dickson, Dick	Mathieson, Melvin	Schultz, John
Bolles, Leland	Duncan, Dave	Manhart, Kenneth	Sears, Bill
Broadley, Joe	Dundee, Chris	McKeown, Donald	Smiley, Lowell
Buletti, Edgardo	Edgett, Charles	McLean, Douglas	Smith, Robert
Cable, Vernon	Epling, Wallace	Miller, George	Spiers, Arthur
Call, Gordon	Fulkerson, J. P.	Montgomery, Edwin	Stocker, Robert
Cameron, Clarence	Gillett, Clifford	Moulton, Edmund	Tomich, Quenton
Cannon, Joe	Green, Bernard	Mulch, Wayne	Urakawa, Heroshi
Cavalli, Joe	Greenhalgh, Dale	Owen, Elwin	Weber, Sidney
Codina, Joe	Gum, Irving	Piiru, James	Whitsell, Robert
Codina, Tony	Heath, Carl	Plummer, David	Williamson, Bob
	Homer, Cyril	Ricketts, Ralph	



The Freshmen

OFFICERS

DICK HINZE.....	<i>President</i>
WADE PHELPS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANK KAGETA.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ALLEN STONESIFER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARJORIE YARNELL.....	<i>Student Council</i>
KENNETH BONHAM.....	<i>Historian</i>

ADVISORS

MR. A. L. PRICE
MISS D. ARMSTRONG

MISS M. BERCKHAN
MISS E. FITCH

ON the tenth day of September, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-four, a great horde of very "green" Freshies stormed the famous halls of San Juan. They were soon seized, however, by the unmerciful Seniors, who marched them into the assembly with trousers wrong side out, shirts wrong side front, shoes on wrong feet, and with "green" complexions crimsoned with a surplus of lipstick and rouge.

This great horde suffered another humiliation at the hands of the more powerful Sophomores when they met on the field of battle and struggled for the title of "winner" on the day of the Freshmen-Sophomore Scamper. They were given an opportunity, however, to reveal their wonderful abilities as musical and dramatic artists at the Freshman Reception on September 21st.

When the Student Body presented its program, the returns of which were to help defray the expenses of the yearbook, this large group of "Greenies" conscripted their scattered ranks and fought with untiring spirit, which, together with the co-operation of Mr. Price and their president, enabled them to win the ticket selling contest. As a premium they were granted their section in the GREENBACK NOTES. It was due to the splendid direction of Miss Fitch that the Freshmen's contribution to the Student Body Program, "Sauce for Goslings," was such a success. They continued to uphold their glory by also winning the ticket selling contest for the Senior play, "Whimsy." Their reward gave the treasurer a responsibility.

We must congratulate the "Greenies" who played on our football teams, for we all know that a good beginning warrants



Eighteen

glory in the end. Some day San Juan's glory will rely upon them.

We must also congratulate those who worked hard enough the first semester to entitle them to the distinction of becoming

members of the Honor Scholarship Society.

More power to the earnest spirit of the Class of '38—may they continue the good work so zealously and eagerly begun!

FRESHMAN GIRLS

Baranek, Katherine	Eastman, June	Holland, Lois	Fiiru, Lulu
Blyler, Vivian	Epling, Lorraine	Holsinger, Margaret	Robards, Jane
Bolles, Shirley	Fowler, June	Irwin, Frances	Robinson, Margaret
Brown, Jayne	Fraser, Mary	Johns, Phyllis	Russell, Faye
Call, Janet	Fulkerson, Elnora	Jones, Natalie	Sadleir, Sheila
Claiborne, Evelyn	Gallaher, Nadine	Jurgens, June	Schroyer, Helen
Coldani, Evelyn	Gibbons, Betty	Lawrence, Gloria	Smith, Frances
Croxen, Anita	Gimbel, Margaret	McAdoo, Marial	Smith, Constance
Davies, Beatrice	Giusti, Lena	Moessinger, Dorothy	Stark, Jeanne
Dickson, Idell	Gliko, Evelyn	Muns, Barbara	Sturges, Levonne
Dieren, Margaret	Green, Betty	Nye, Madeline	Thomas, Dorothy
Downing, Harriet	Goulden, Bernice	O'Donnell, Dorothea	Ward, Clara Belle
Duncan, Alice	Gum, Wilma	Pletcher, Mozelle	Wilkin, Edith
Dundee, Lillian	Hicok, Patricia	Plumley, Inez	Yarnell, Marjorie

FRESHMAN BOYS

Ackerman, Eugene	Field, Austin	Linville, Dalmar	Skidmore, Robert
Arase, Wataru	Fischer, Robert	Massey, Frank	Stonesifer, Allen
Bain, John	Foster, George	Meadows, Henry	Taylor, Oral
Bishop, Godfrey	Hauser, George	McGee, Denis	Thomas, Ronald
Bonham, Kenneth	Hinze, Dick	Obenshain, Donald	Thompson, Bud
Campoy, Pedro	Hull, Ewell	Peck, Lee	Thorp, Hanlon
Clover, Donald	Kageta, Frank	Peters, Eugene	Tuttle, Robert
Crane, Howard	Kibbey, Mead	Phelps, Wade	Urakawa, Takeshi
Errecart, Daniel	Kole, Cecil	Popovich, Ernest	Wallner, Emmeron
Ferguson, Lee	La Follette, Donald	Reber, William	Zahara, Mike
	Lincoln, Ralph	Riggins, Wilber	



Alumni

Class of '31

DOUGLAS ATKINS
Mining at Grass Valley
LAWRENCE BACON
Junior College, Sacramento
CHARLES BENNETT
Mebius-Drescher, Sacramento
FRANCES BROADLEY
Nurse at San Francisco Hospital
THELMA BUCK
Beauty Shop, Sacramento
PATRICIA CORTELL
Mrs. Donald Brill, Colusa
DONALD DAVIS
Mining near Grass Valley
LEAH DICKSON
Mrs. James Hard, Jr., Carmichael
THEODORE DUVALL
Red & White Store, Sacramento
IRENE EASTER
Secretary, Floyd Locher, Citrus Heights
CARL FAHEY
Standard Oil Co., Sacramento
JESSIE FERGUSON
Secretary, Motor Co., San Jose
DOROTHEA FERREE
Mrs. Earl Ickes, Orangevale
HAROLD FOWLER
Neisson Bros. Key Factory, Fair Oaks
GLENN GALLAHER
Leeds' Shoe Store, Sacramento
ONETA HALL
Mrs. Henry Harper, Citrus Heights
ANNA HAUPTMAN
Mrs. Adolph Walke, Sacramento
MARIAN HOPKINS
State Teachers' College, San Francisco
LELAND HUDSON
Southern Pacific Shops, Roseville
RUTH ICKES
Mrs. Percy McCammon, San Pedro
HENRY ISSEL
Junior College, Sacramento
MARY LU JOHNSTON KENNEDY
Mrs. William Kennedy, Sacramento
MILTON KINSEY
Mining in Northern California
CLARENCE LOHSE
Pacific Fruit Express, Roseville
ROSA LORD
Mrs. William Blake, Carmichael
MILDRED McNABB
Mrs. Roland Raymond, Fair Oaks
HAROLD MILLIGAN
Red & White Store, Fair Oaks
NORMA MILLIGAN
Employed in Sacramento
HASON MURPHY
Ranching, Fair Oaks
JUANITA NAY
University of California, Berkeley

WILMA OBENSHAIN
Mrs. Dan Rice, Fair Oaks
MORRIS OVERTON
Grocery Store, Sacramento
CHARLES PHELAN
Texas Women's College, Texas
ELIZABETH PURCELL
Dominican College, San Rafael
GEORGE PURI
Junior College, Sacramento
JULIA QUINN
Mrs. D. W. Bowen, Vallejo
ELLA ROEDIGER
At home, Fair Oaks
GORDON RUSSELL
H. M. Smith Ranch, Fair Oaks
LILLIAN RUSSELL
Mrs. Fred Kale, Sacramento
DOROTHY SMALLWOOD
Mrs. Marcus McKenny, Folsom
WARREN SMITH
Technical Forestry Foreman, Dept. of Interior, Oakland
ALMA STRAUB
Teaching in Roseville
JANE WALSH
Whittier College, Whittier
NOAH YOST
P. G., Junior College, Sacramento

Class of '32

EDITH BAILEY
Mrs. Burton Darrington, Folsom
MILDRED BAIN
Living with aunt, Sacramento
PAUL BARANEK
University of California, Davis
ERMA BAYNE
At home, Carmichael
FERNE BAYNE
Mrs. Chatto, Sacramento
MARY BOGART
Mrs. E. Bogart, Rio Linda
ALICE BRADLEY
Mrs. John Colnar, Roseville
VERNE BROWN
Ranching, Citrus Heights
STANLEY BRUNE
Junior College, Sacramento
INA LOU CLOVER
Junior College, Sacramento
KENNETH COCHRAN
Barber, Fair Oaks
LENA COLDANI
Mrs. Jack Waddle, San Jose
PERRY COOK
Ranching, Courtland
JOSEPH CULLIVAN
Junior College, Sacramento
LESTER DRIVER
At home, Citrus Heights
LAURA DAVIS
Mrs. Theodore Martin, Oakland
RUTH DUNCAN
Mrs. Robert Roark, Sacramento

MARGARET FISCHER
Office, Telephone Co., Sacramento
MAX FOX
Junior College, Sacramento
HELEN GILLIAM
Mrs. Kent Tillinghast, Carmichael
CLAIR HAENGGI
At home, North Sacramento
CLARENCE HARD
Service Station, Carmichael
MAURICE HERBERT
Junior College, Sacramento
DOROTHY HOWSER
Mrs. Al. Gibbons, Orangevale
FLOYD JOHNSON
Junior College, Sacramento
ALMA JONES
Jones' Dairy, Carmichael
EDITH KEMP
At home, Fair Oaks
NORMAN LEE
Weimar, California
FRANK MORELAND
California Conservation Corps
ALTA MOFFITT
Chico State College
CECIL MORRISON
Market, North Sacramento
JESSIE NAY
Mrs. Joseph Cullivan, Ex-U. C.
NORA OWENS
Home, Arcade
ENID PALMERLEE
Chico State College
WILLIAM SALO
At home, Citrus Heights
KARL SEPPONEN
Ranching, Citrus Heights
ELIZABETH SADLEIR
Secretary, North Sacramento
Schools
BARBARA SHANNON
Chico State College
ARLINE SHUMATE
Mrs. Douglas Atkins, Grass Valley
PAUL SMITH
University of California, Davis
GLADYS TUTER
Mrs. Paul Wilson, Hagginwood
LOUIS REMEDI
Pacific Coast Aggregates, Fair Oaks
MARION RYAN
Mrs. Morris Overton, Sacramento

Class of '33

HAZEL BAIN
Working for Dr. June Harris, Arcade
JANE BARBER
Mrs. Carlyle Hillsman, San Francisco
VIOLA BATEMAN
Mrs. Roy Osterli, Arden
JOHN BARRETT
On father's ranch, Carmichael
DAVID BELFIELD
Junior College, Sacramento
JOYCE BEHNCKE
Secretary, San Juan
EDGAR BELLMER
Heald's College, Sacramento

HELEN BRILLHART
Mrs. George Paine, Fair Oaks
GERTRUDE BRADLEY
At home, Fair Oaks
RUTH CALL
Mrs. Clarence Bullard, Lincoln
LOIS CHAPMAN
Mrs. Neil Brown, Citrus Heights
PAUL CLARK
Working with father, Carmichael
JAMES COWAN
Junior College, Sacramento
ELLEN DAVIES
Living with sister, Natomas
GWEN EATON
College of Pacific, Stockton
DAN EMMETT
California Conservation Corps
PAUL FETTERS
S. P. Shops, Sacramento
MARIANNA FIELD
Working in San Francisco
ELLEN FOWLER
Living in Sacramento
MARGARET FRANK
Junior College, Sacramento
CLARENCE HALL
Junior College, Sacramento
CARLEEN HARD
Mrs. Paul Clark, Carmichael
CATHERINE HOLSAPPLE
Mrs. Warren Smith, Oakland
MILDRED HOPE
At home, Rio Linda
DAVE JOHNSTON
Navy Academy, Annapolis
NADINE JURGENS
Working at Breuner's, Sacramento
EARL KEMP
Junior College, Sacramento
EARL LANGENBAHN
Employed at Sacramento Hospital
GRACE LENZ
Junior College, Sacramento
BURNICE LYONS
Mrs. Adolph Sandahl, Auburn
LAURA THELMA MacNEILL
Junior College, Sacramento
FERN McCOON
Junior College, Sacramento
RALPH McMILLEN
Houx & Skinner, Sacramento
LEE MANN
At home, Citrus Heights
WILLIAM MATTINSON
Junior College, Sacramento
HELEN MILLIGAN
Mrs. Charles Therber, Sacramento
DAROLD MOORE
University of California, Davis
CECIL MORGAN
Junior College, Sacramento
WILLIAM MORLEY
Continental Bakery, Sacramento
MARGARET ODGERS
Junior College, Sacramento
ROY OSTERLI
Ranching in Arden
ROSEMARY PITCHER
Junior College, Sacramento

VERNON RIGGINS
Working in mountains
FLOYD ROEDIGER
California Conservation Corps
PATRICK SADLEIR
Ranching, Fruitvale District
JACK SHANNON
"Batching" in Sacramento
MIRIAN SHAUB
Working in Los Angeles
MARY SHAUB
Working in Los Angeles
FRANK SMILANICK
Sacramento Bee carrier
RALPH STICKLER
Sacramento Bee carrier
VIOLA STOUT
Mrs. E. E. Snyder, Fair Oaks
FRED STRAUB
College of Pacific, Stockton
RANDOLPH SULLIVAN
SERA, Carmichael
FRANCES TOMICH
Junior College, Sacramento
DORIS TULLY
Standard School of Business,
EMERY WANTZ
Ranching at Galt

Class of '34

HARVY AKERS
Desmond Ranch, Citrus Heights
ROBERT BAILEY
Ranching, Orangevale
EDDIE BARRETT
On father's ranch, Carmichael
ELLANOR CASTLE
Junior College, Sacramento
BILL CLOVER
Junior College, Sacramento
LA VERNE COPREN
Junior College, Sacramento
FLOYD CORNETT
Junior College, Sacramento
WILLIAM CRANE
California Conservation Corps
FERN CROXEN
Living with uncle, Plumas County
HARRIET DAVIES
Living with sister, Sacramento
MURIEL DAVIES
Mrs. Ted Duvall, Sacramento
ANNE DIMMICK
Junior College, Sacramento
BRUCE DUNCAN
Working on ranch, Rio Linda
ISABELLE EGGERS
At home in Arden
ROSE EHMKE
Mrs. Watson Doll, Roseville
JAMES FISCHER
Junior College, Sacramento
INEZ GALLAHER
Junior College, Sacramento
LAVERNE GIBBONS
Junior College, Sacramento

ROBERTA GIBBONS
Junior College, Sacramento
KATHERINE HAVERMANN
State Motor Vehicle Dept.,
Sacramento
RUBY HAWORTH
Bible School, Huntington Park
LO REE HENDERSHOT
Junior College, Sacramento
RICHARD HUSTED
Junior College, Sacramento
LUCILLE JACKSON
At home, Fair Oaks
ROBERT JAMISON
Junior College, Sacramento
REBECCA KENNEDY
At home, Carmichael
HENRY KROEGER
At home, Fair Oaks
ANNIE LEONARD
Junior College, Sacramento
FANNIE LEONARD
Junior College, Sacramento
WILLIAM LEWIS
P. G. at San Juan
JACK LOCHELT
U. S. Navy, San Pedro
ARTHUR LOGAN
Junior College, Sacramento
LEILA MAPEL
Junior College, Sacramento
NETTIE McGRATH
Working, Fair Oaks
DAVID MEADOWS
California Conservation Corps
VIRGINIA MINSTER
Western School of Business
Sacramento
MARIAN NURSE
Standard School of Business
FRANCES OSBORNE
Playing 'cello in stringed ensemble
SHEILA PURI
Junior College, Sacramento
ANNABELLE RUCKH
At home, Orangevale
EDWARD SCOTTEN
At home, Citrus Heights
EUGENE SMITH
California Conservation Corps
MARGARET SMITH
Junior College, Sacramento
MARGARET SPIERS
Junior College, Sacramento
JOHN TOMICH
Junior College, Sacramento
KENNETH TROWE
P. G. at San Juan
ROBERT VANCE
Junior College, Sacramento
KATHRYN MAE VAN MAREN
P. G. at San Juan
KATHLEEN VAUGHN
Working, Sierra Oaks
BETTY ANNE WARD
Junior College, Sacramento

Lest we forget

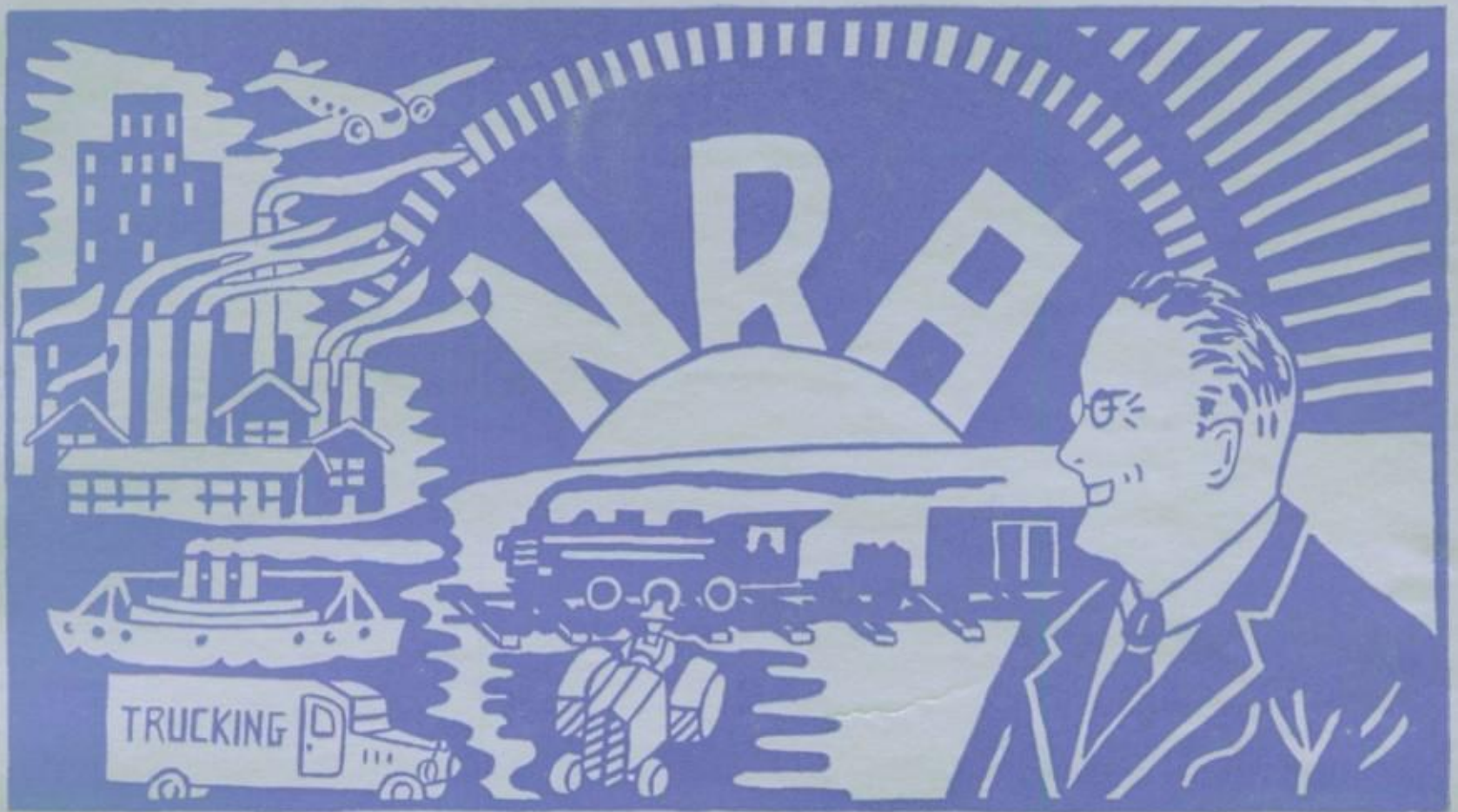
CLARENCE MEEK, '33
Died: February 17, 1935



I N expressing my feeling of recovery, I have shown President Roosevelt as the pleased benefactor of industry, the improved condition of which will help the nation prosper.

The N. R. A., symbolizing the rays of the sun, is my motif for the dawn of a great new day and era.

Vivian Blyler, '38.



Activities

Student Body

OFFICERS

LOUIS LOGAN.....	<i>President</i>	BILL O'NEAL
RUTH MORLEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	JOHNNY COWAN
LORENE FOX.....	<i>Secretary</i>	LOUISE CHAPMAN
JOYCE LAWRENCE.....	<i>Comm. of Finance</i>	JOYCE LAWRENCE
ROBERT NEWELL.....	<i>Comm. of Entertainment</i>	BILL VANCE
ELNA JOHNSON.....	<i>Reporter</i>	JOE SMITH
NEIL WILSON.....	<i>Advertising Manager</i>	W. C. SMALLWOOD
MR. W. T. MOONEY.....	<i>Faculty Business Manager</i>	MR. W. T. MOONEY

RECOVERY has been the guiding spirit of the San Juan Student Body just as it has been the guiding spirit of the nation as a whole. This spirit has been exemplified in the reawakening of an enthusiastic interest through the adoption of the new constitution and by-laws. The 1934-35 Student Body officers have striven in every way to see that this new set of laws shall function properly and effectively.

The students' increased interest in Student Body affairs was indicated by their enthusiastic purchases of Student Body Cards. During the year of 1933-34 a new goal was reached in the sale of these student tickets, but during 1934-35 we are very proud to say that this once new goal has been surpassed.

The custom of having a Student Body program, which is sponsored by the Student Body as a whole, was re-established this year. This program, which was given in October, had one of the highest attend-

ance records of any program given in the past few years. A great financial aid to our budget was the money collected from the boys' athletic contests played on our own field or court. As one of our highest aims of the year was to pay up all bills, we find our money has been equally well earned and well spent.

Through the courtesy and generosity of our faculty, we were entertained at our weekly assemblies by several well-known speakers and by various fine educational programs. Dean Harry Tyler of the Sacramento Junior College gave a stirring speech on "Where Do We Go from Here?" Mrs. Zue Geery Pease, Miss Mary Lucich, and Mr. George Artz, Jr., from the Pease Music Studios in Sacramento, presented a beautiful musical program. Captain Gypsy "Pat" Smith told us of his wonderful travels and unusual experiences. Luther "Duke" Meyer of the Call-Bulletin and KPO gave us some interesting side lights of newspaper life.



Twenty-three

Honor Scholarship Society

CHAPTER 84, C. S. F.

OFFICERS

MARION JOHNSTON.....	President
SHIRLEY ROSS.....	Vice-President
RUTH MORLEY.....	Secretary-Treasurer
MR. W. T. MOONEY.....	Sponsor

THE spirit of recovery which reigns through the land has this year extended even into our C. S. F. chapter. An enrollment of thirty-five members represents the greatest attainment in membership in our local organization during the history of the school. This year, moreover, we were able to send a large delegation to the annual convention of the federation, which Mr. Mooney and fifteen members attended at Dixon. After a joint meeting of all chapters represented, and after an extemporaneous program put on by all members present, we were the guests of the Dixon Chapter at a banquet. Following the banquet, we were escorted through two of the most celebrated points of interest in Dixon: a transpacific radio-telephone station and an ultra-modern dairy.

In March, when one of our schoolmates was chosen as the California representative to the Press Convention at New York City, our society joined with other organizations to help defray his expenses.

On April the eighth, we held our annual C. S. F. Banquet. It was a very successful affair, but because of the excel-

lence of the refreshments, some of the most hearty revelers were forced to resort to speedy means of *recovery* in order that they might be present at school the following day!

During the Commencement Exercises on May 31, the gold Roman Lamp will be presented to Ruth Morley, who has been one of our most outstanding members throughout her four years of high school. This much coveted award is a symbol of life membership in the C. S. F.

One of the projects of which the Honor Scholarship Society is most proud is the San Juan Scholarship Loan. The idea for such a loan originated six years ago in this organization which has sponsored the Scholarship ever since. The classes and many of the clubs have contributed annually, the largest single contributions having been made by the staffs of GREENBACK NOTES. This Scholarship Loan of two hundred dollars is presented to a member of every Senior class on the night of graduation. Seven San Juan graduates have thus been enabled to continue their education.



Twenty-four

Music Club

OFFICERS

NINA JEAN MALONEY.....	<i>President</i>
PHYLLIS SHULTZ.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HAZEL HILLYARD.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MARJORIE YARNELL.....	<i>Commissioner of Entertainment</i>
MR. MADDUX HOGIN.....	<i>Sponsor</i>

THE BEST WAY to insure the place of music in the schools is to make it humanly significant. There is no subject through which constructive relationships with society can more readily be promoted and maintained than music. If we teach music in the schools as a routine, a chore, or make it chiefly a subject of dull dry lessons on notation and other technicalities (scales, exercises, etc.), then we have deprived it of its obvious appeal and social value to the student. Do not misunderstand that the study of scales, keys, notation and the like are not important—they are; but the place of music in the schools should be maintained primarily as a socializing subject. Therefore, I believe that it should be pointed toward the actual making of music by participation in musical organizations, such as bands, orchestras, choirs, and the like. It should be carried on in an atmosphere of joy in musical achievement. Then we will have the best supporters any educational scheme can desire—the students themselves.

Music in the school offers one of the finest and most legitimate avenues for

effective and constructive school publicity. Educational values are not dependent on magic. They must be apparent to common sense, or they do not exist. They consist mainly in the effects of our teaching on the lives and actions of our pupils. If there is such a thing as educational values, then they should be recognizable not only to the school administration and teachers but also to the students, parents, and general public. In the program of teaching music, more certainly than in many other fields, we can do this all important job of molding and improving the lives of our students in a way that is most evident to anyone who has an eye in his head. It may and should constitute a constant testimony for progressive educational ideals and provide the necessary, vitalizing link between the school and society.

To aid in this socializing of the subject of music, a Music Club, in addition to the regular classroom groups, was established this year. Music appreciation was emphasized, a study of the great figures of the world of music made, and the talent of individual members displayed.



Twenty-five

The Hi-Y

OFFICERS

JOYCE LAWRENCE.....	<i>President</i>	CARMINE CAREY
BETTY WHITSELL.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	BARBARA PEFFLEY
ANNIE MAI CORBITT.....	<i>Secretary</i>	EILEEN ROGERS
BEATRICE JOHNS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	BETTY WHITSELL
BARBARA PEFFLEY.....	<i>Historian</i>	BARBARA PEFFLEY
MRS ALINDA MACLEOD.....		<i>Sponsor</i>

FOR several years the Hi-Y has been one of the leading clubs in San Juan. This year we organized under the sponsorship of Mrs. Alinda MacLeod with a membership of twenty girls.

On September 27, 1934, we enjoyed an afternoon of swimming at the home of Margaret Montgomery. A few weeks later we held our annual initiation of the new members at the home of our president, Joyce Lawrence. During the evening a short but impressive initiation ceremony was performed, games were played, and refreshments were served.

On October 27, 1934, several members of our organization attended a convention at Willows, California. After short discussion periods, a delightful luncheon was served by the Home Economics Department of the Willows High School.

The Hi-Y is not entirely a social club, but a service club as well. The motto of the National Hi-Y is "Others." Thus, we formulated plans which might benefit others who are striving to recover from the nation-wide depression.

On November 16, 1934, we sponsored a lively football dance. The football theme in decorations was cleverly carried out. The proceeds of this dance went to the aid of needy families.

December 17, 1934, brought to us a gala Christmas Party at the home of our treasurer, Beatrice Johns. The girls appeared in childish costumes and brought toys for other members of the group. At the close of the evening, the toys were collected to be sent to needy children in the vicinity. We also made candy for the Christmas Baskets prepared by several of the Service Clubs of the school.

Our installation of officers was held at the home of our sponsor. During the evening a short ritual was performed, and an address was given by Mrs. Lawrence Wilson of Sacramento.

Nine girls were sent to the Conference at Richardson Springs. "The Power of Leadership" was the topic of discussion of the group of over four hundred. Barbara Peffley, Carmine Carey, and Mrs. MacLeod were among the speakers.



Twenty-six

Home Economics Club

OFFICERS

MARY KORICH.....	President
FRANCES ANDERSON, VEDA EGGERS.....	Vice-Presidents
INEZ PLUMLEY.....	Secretary-Treasurer
MISS M. BERCKHAN.....	Sponsor

SEVEN years ago the Home Economics Club was first organized at San Juan. It was a service club with the helping of needy families as its sole purpose. Although the club has changed in many respects, its ideals and principles are still the same. To help others less fortunate than ourselves has always been our ambition, and we have picked Christmas as the opportune time. This year, aided by several other clubs, we gave our annual "Christmas Party" with all the success of former years. Our work this time was especially important, as many heads of families in this district were unemployed.

Many busy meetings before Christmas were devoted to making new toys and renovating old ones for the small children in needy families. Clothing and food were also collected and distributed. To one large family of small children was left a decorated Christmas tree which had been displayed in the hall for several days.

Preparation for the "Christmas Party" had occupied every club meeting before Christmas, but as we saw the grateful looks on the faces of the mothers and in the shining eyes of the tiny tots, we felt

that our time had not been given in vain.

The meetings after the holidays were, perhaps, less busy, but no less enjoyable. Making candy, exchanging recipes, studying costume, and embroidering occupied these last meetings.

Before the Easter vacation the Hi-Y Club decided upon a very worthy project. This project was the sending of Easter baskets to forty children in the community. In return for the generous services of the Hi-Y girls at the Christmas party, the Home Economics group were very happy to aid them by collecting and making baskets and supplying money for candy Easter eggs. Mary Korich, the President, and Frances Anderson, the first semester Vice-President, were the delegates selected to accompany the Hi-Y girls as the Easter "Bunny's" willing helpers.

Now, as the year draws to a close, we look back over a busy year with a feeling of satisfaction. We have at least upheld the tradition our club has built up during the years—that of *Service*.

Below are the twenty-three active members of this, San Juan's oldest and most active service club.



Twenty-seven

Junior Red Cross

OFFICERS

<i>First Semester</i>		<i>Second Semester</i>
MURIEL MADDOCKS.....	<i>President</i>	VERA GRAHAM
VERA GRAHAM.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	LEORA KRAUSE
ELNA JOHNSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>	PHYLLIS CROXEN
ELNA JOHNSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	MARIAN CASKEY
GLADYS HARPER.....	<i>Service Chairman</i>	MURIEL MADDOCKS
FRANCES MILLER.....	<i>Entertainment Chairman</i>	FRANCES MILLER
MR. R. G. LAWRENCE— <i>Sponsor</i>		

WHENEVER there is any need for help, it is the Red Cross that answers the call. Our Junior Red Cross tries to live up to the ideals exemplified by the Senior Red Cross. Our work is very important in the furthering of any recovery, for our slogan is "We serve."

During the first semester we raised money by means of candy and food sales. Then we gave a dance for the students, the admission to which was food and clothing. We used the money, food, and clothing to assist the Home Economics Club in filling their Christmas baskets for needy families.

Plans were made for a house to house canvass in the Sylvan and Carmichael districts for food, clothing, and magazines. Phyllis Croxen has already canvassed the Sylvan District. Some of the students, also, are making scrapbooks for little children in the orphanages and hospitals.

During the second semester we gathered clothing and imperishable food which we kept on hand for all emergencies. We also

collected current issues of magazines which we sent to hospitals and sanatoriums.

Several of the members had the good fortune of being able to accompany the Home Economics girls when they delivered their baskets. The delight and happiness of the families who were visited was an inspiration indeed to every member of the Red Cross to work even harder next year to carry out the ideals expressed in their motto.

We feel that we have aided greatly in bringing *recovery* to our own communities and that we have successfully lived up to the principles of our slogan, "We serve."

The active members of the Junior Red Cross are: Mildred Carroll, Marian Caskey, Phyllis Croxen, Lottie Culverhouse, Bernice Goulden, Vera Graham, Gladys Harper, Elna Johnson, June Jurgens, Leora Krause, Lester Leitch, Muriel Maddocks, Dorothea Mark, Frances Miller, Ariel Peugh, Eleanor Rose, Marjorie Rose, and Ruth Thompson.



Twenty eight

Photography Club

MR. E. E. SNYDER, JR.Sponsor

THE Photography Club was organized with the idea in mind of affording beneficial study for leisure time.

Photography is a very fascinating study. While it is quite simple, it requires assiduity. It takes time and practice to acquire skill and accuracy. If, for instance, one slight error is made in mixing the solution, it will most assuredly spell disaster.

The club is conducted as a lecture class, and all actual work is done outside of the meetings. Many of the students remain after school to work in the laboratory—others use their study periods. Several have made their own printing boxes and work at home. All these students endeavor to put into practice the information they have gained at their lecture meetings. They develop pictures which they or their friends have taken and collect old negatives for reprints. Several of the members of this club are also members of the club sponsored by the Christian Endeavor Society at Fair Oaks which is also under the direction of Mr. Snyder.

During the year the members have studied many branches of work, under the able leadership of Mr. E. E. Snyder. When the course is finished, everyone should be able to do the following: Take a good picture, develop the negative, print the picture, and enlarge it, if desired. Instructions in tinting and dyeing have also

been given to the more proficient ones.

The Photography Club, this year as last, has been active with its motion picture camera and projection machine. Pictures of competitive sports have been taken and have been shown to the players in order that they may see their own mistakes and improve their playing. These pictures have also been projected in the assembly, to the keen interest and amusement of the student body.

In this day and age, when there is such a cry for profitable use of leisure time, the members of this club feel that they are availing themselves of an interesting and profitable avocation.

The following are the active members of the Photography Club: Harry Arend, Franklin Astle, Kenneth Bonham, Alberta Borsberry, Tony Codina, Dave Duncan, Austin Fields, Melba Filbert, J. P. Fulkerson, Elsie Gibbons, Dorothy Harrison, Carl Heath, Oretha Holford, Raymond Johnson, Whitney Kennedy, Val Lenz, Donald McKeown, Homer Noss, Dorothy Orwig, Randall Ovren, Lee Peck, Wade Phelps, Ernest Popovich, John Prochaska, James Piiru, Billie Reber, Stella Reber, Max Reese, Robert Skidmore, Constance Smith, Robert Stocker, Fred Thompson, John Vincent, Dorothy Warner, Bob Williamson, and Neil Wilson.



Girls' Block S. J. Society

OFFICERS

GERTRUDE STOUT.....	President
LOUISE CHAPMAN.....	Vice-President
ESTHER LOHSE.....	Secretary-Treasurer
MISS G. KNOCK.....	Sponsor

ALTHOUGH this is only the second year for the Girls' Block S. J. Society, we have attained recognition from San Juan as a progressive club. This year we have initiated into our club nine new members. The initiation was held after school hours on January 28 and it was at this time that the Block S. J. letters were given to the nine new members. Refreshments were served, and all had a wonderful time.

The business meetings of our club were held during the activity periods, at which time the members discussed various sports and athletic activities. Seven hundred points was the goal set for membership into our society. We have tried to emphasize good sportsmanship by first practicing it ourselves.

The Boys' and Girls' Block S. J. Societies held their annual Block S. J. Banquet on January 31. It was their outstanding social event of the year. Joe Smith acted as master of ceremonies, and interesting and amusing speeches were given by almost everyone present. Later in the evening a program was presented, followed by dancing.

During the year a dance was held dur-

ing an activity period in order that we might raise some money for our activities.

The Girls' Block S. J. Society has as yet not undergone a depression of any kind, but should one ever occur, the society shall recover rapidly with the enthusiastic and whole-hearted cooperation from all of its members.

The following are the active members of the Girls' Block S. J. for 1934-35. Some of them have just recently been admitted—but all are imbued with a spirit of enthusiasm, proud of their block letters, and devoted to the ideals of good sportsmanship. The girls who will graduate with the Class of 1935 leave to their successors an earnest wish for the continued success and the sturdy growth of the organization of which they are so justly proud.

Josephine Barrett	Jessie McGrath
Ollie Carey	Doris Osborne
Louise Chapman	Dorothy Orwig
Helen Davis	Ruth Russell
Dorothy Downing	Gladys Stark
Lorene Fox	Gertrude Stout
Hattie Holland	Kathryn Van Maren
Dorothy Hard	Ethel Williamson
Mary Korich	Carolyn Zimmerman
Esther Lohse	



Boys' Block S. J. Society

OFFICERS

STEVE BARANEK.....	President
PAUL ORWIG.....	Secretary and Treasurer
MR. GEORGE R. PAINE.....	Sponsor

THE Boys' Block S. J. Society is an organization composed of boys who have won the athletic block letters of this school. The object of this organization is to promote good sportsmanship and to maintain the athletic activities of the school at the highest possible standard.

It is an honor to become a member of the Block S. J. and many boys have worked hard to win this coveted honor. During the first semester block letters were won by ten boys: Bob Williamson, Dick Bolin, Raymond Johnson, Max Reese, Mayo Lewis, Bill Rowland, Barney Johnson, Marion Johnston, Scott Shaw, and Lowell Smiley. These boys were given an informal initiation in December and were admitted into the organization.

At the beginning of the second semester, on January 31, the Boys' and Girls' Block S. J. societies held their joint banquet. On the same evening, before the banquet, the new members that had survived the informal initiation were given a formal initiation. After the initiatory ceremonies and the banquet, the group adjourned to the auditorium where they enjoyed a musical program, and finished this

pleasant evening's entertainment with dancing and games.

Two new members will soon receive their block letters after their fine showing during the basketball season—Joe Codina and Tony Codina.

This year has been a very active one for all the members of the society. In addition to their interest in athletics, the boys have enjoyed a happy spirit of comradeship. Their new Block S. J. Bench has helped to foster this spirit. This attractive bench, located under the palm trees on the front lawn, is reserved for Block S. J. members only.

Those who enjoy this much coveted privilege are: Steve Baranek, Dick Bolin, Burk Broadley, Bob Chaix, Justin Clark, Joe Codina, Tony Codina, Dick Codman, Howard Greenhalgh, Dick Heath, Clyde Hulett, Barney Johnson, Raymond Johnson, Marion Johnston, Joe Kageta, Mayo Lewis, Louis Logan, Tommy Mapel, Paul Orwig, Bobby Raymond, Max Reese, Bill Rowland, Alva Saul, Scott Shaw, Kenny Skidmore, W. C. Smallwood, Lowell Smiley, Joe Smith, John Vance, and Bob Williamson.



Thirty-one

Future Farmers

OFFICERS

DESMOND EATON.....	<i>President</i>
RAYMOND JOHNSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LORENE FOX, TOMMY MAPEL.....	<i>Secretaries</i>
STEVE BARANEK.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MR. A. L. PRICE.....	<i>Sponsor</i>

THIS YEAR has been more than a year of Recovery for the San Juan Future Farmers. It has been a year of great advancement. The Future Farmers is one of the oldest organizations in school, and this year we feel that we have come back to our former high standard of community service and school activities. The many activities which the Future Farmers were engaged in this year include pruning and grafting trees in the community, testing chickens for production and diseases, butchering hogs, planting and pruning trees and shrubs on the school grounds, and helping farmers of the district in any other way possible. Besides these services to the community, the Future Farmers sponsored a paper drive, a purebred calf club, five grammar school Ag. clubs, and put on an Ag. Fair and a Berry Feed. They also entered many contests, some of which were: horticulture and livestock exhibits at the State Fair where many awards were

won, the judging contests on Bains Day, at Davis where they won their share of the prizes, and also the judging contest at San Luis Obispo. At the Bains Day contest, Jim Wheat placed second high point man. An agronomy team composed of Leland Bolles, Dick Dickson, and Lowell Smiley won a trophy.

They had two candidates for the State Farmer degree, and Scott Shaw entered two public speaking contests where he kept up the good record of the organization by placing high in each contest. He placed first in the Regional Contest held at Sacramento Junior College and second at the State Contest held in Los Angeles, November 16-17. On May 8, he placed second in another state contest at San Luis Obispo—losing first place by one point.

Besides this long list of activities, they topped the year off by taking a two-day trip to Yosemite Valley on the money they earned by pruning.



Thirty-two

SAN JUAN SPARTAN

VOL. 4.

SAN JUAN UNION HIGH SCHOOL, FAIR OAKS

No. 20.

JOHNSON, HOLLAND, NAY SPARTAN EDITORS

ELNA JOHNSON was Editor-in-Chief the fall semester, with Hattie Holland and Ramona Nay her successors for the spring semester. Each had very good staff assistants, and in Elna's term the paper was enlarged to its present size. Her staff consisted of Ramona Nay, Hattie Holland, Assistant Editors; Peggy Corkett, Society; Clyde Hulett, Sports; Joe Smith, Assistant Sports; Lisle Selby, Exchange; Neil Wilson, Makeup; Gladys Stark, Book Reviews; Bill O'Neal, Features; Robert Raymond, Business Manager. The staff remained the same during the spring semester, except that Hattie Holland was elected Editor the third quarter, and Ramona Nay, the last quarter; Leland McKeown was allied to the business staff.

DELEGATE TO NATIONAL CONVENTION

FOR the first time in history, a student from California was fortunate enough to attend the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention in New York City. Bill O'Neal, '35, represented the Spartan. He was one of the two delegates from the western part of the United States in attendance.

SPARTAN GIVEN NATIONAL AWARDS

LAST YEAR our school paper became a member of national press associations: the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the National Scholastic Press Association, and the Quill and Scroll. Each holds annual competitions on publications. In the C. S. P. A. at New York the Spartan took, in 1934, a third place in class C; and again in 1935, in the N. S. P. A. meeting at St. Louis, we took a third place in class D; and in the Quill and Scroll competition in Chicago we won an International Second Award. (The classes are divided according to school enrollment.)

In addition, the paper took second in printed papers in Chico in 1934, at the Northern California High School Press Convention.

SPARTAN ENCOURAGES ATHLETICS

AS a feature, the Spartan inaugurated the "All League Team" idea a year ago, which has continued to meet with the approval of all schools in the league.

A Junior Spartan league was sponsored this year in basketball for the grammar schools of our district. Three trophies have been secured as awards for next year.



Thirty-three

Archery Club

OFFICERS

CHARLES KRAUSE *President*
 RAY HAAK *Secretary*
 MR. G. P. NIXON *Sponsor*

THE aims of the Archery Club are: to stimulate an interest in an almost lost art, one of the world's oldest sports; to teach the members actually to make the bows and arrows with which they practice; and to train the members of the Club to become expert marksmen.

Mr. MacQuarrie, an expert archer and a representative of a large company dealing in bows and arrows, gave a remarkable demonstration at an assembly spon-

sored by the Archery Club. He showed us what an expert can do and he pointed out that archery is one of the cheapest and yet most fascinating forms of sport. He displayed different types of bows—hunting bows, target bows, flight bows, and all the different types of arrows—hunting arrows, target arrows, and flight arrows.

As this is the first time in some five years that we have had an archery club, we are not yet very well equipped and are using the few bows and arrows which are part of the athletic equipment. We are now eager to acquire our own—to become expert archers after the fashion of Mr. MacQuarrie.

Drama Club

OFFICERS

CHARLES BARTELLS *President*
 WILLIAM CASTEN *Vice-President*
 ADDIE SMITH *Secretary*
 MISS EILEEN CHARTER *Sponsor*

THE DRAMA CLUB of this year and the two clubs of last year were organized for the purpose of furthering the interest in and the study of dramatic art. These organizations were purely local and they had no connection whatsoever with any other schools or with a national organization. Membership in these clubs was not limited to the talented. Stars of school productions and audience enthusiasts sat side by side.

However, the Drama Club of this year lived but a short life, being disbanded in favor of the new organization, "The Thespians," an honorary club for high schools. San Juan was fortunate to receive membership in this dramatic fraternity. Most of the schools who have been granted charters have much larger student bodies. California membership includes the following schools: Sacramento, San Bernardino, Ferndale, Red Bluff, and Coalinga.

Our new dramatic group was formed so late in the second semester that no definite activity—play or study—was carried out in the months of late spring. A planned study program will be arranged for the fall term.

Art Club

OFFICERS

First Semester

PEGGY CORKETT *President*
 MELBA HIXSON *Vice-President*
 LUCILE DICKSON *Secretary*

Second Semester

CERNA OWEN *President*
 LORENE WALKER *Vice-President*
 HAZEL FRAZER *Secretary*
 ALAN STONESIFER *Treasurer*
 MISS HAZEL ORELLI *Sponsor*

THE aim of the Art Club is to afford an opportunity to those students who are

interested in art but who have no contact with it through the classes, and to stimulate a desire for creative ability among our high school students.

During the year members have made a particular study of the lives and works of painters of the Renaissance Period, beginning with Leonardo Da Vinci and Michaelangelo of Italy and extending to Albrecht Dürer and Hans Holbein of Germany.

One specific project was the supervision of the decorations and arrangements for the annual school fair and for the State Fair exhibit.



ARCHERY CLUB
 DRAMA CLUB
 ART CLUB

Travel Club

OFFICERS

STILLMAN CORTELL.....*President*
GERALDINE CANNON.....*Secretary*
MR. R. B. ARMSTRONG.....*Sponsor*

ALTHOUGH some people think that a travel club that does not travel is like a baseball team with no players, this is not the case. It is not the purpose of our Travel Club to travel but to study the people, the geography, and the customs of this country and of others.

This year we concentrated on our own state. Some very interesting talks about its early history were given. The Spanish missions in California were the subject of

a fine talk by Theda Call, '35. Perhaps you did not know it, but many of our California names come not from the Spanish, as you may think, but from the Russian occupation. That was one of our most interesting reports. Donald Bennett, '35, gave us a very informative talk on the state and national parks. An extemporaneous report on Virginia City and Silvertown was very well done by Mead Kibbey, '38.

The officers sincerely thank Mr. Armstrong for his fine spirit of cooperation, and express their wishes for an even better club next year.

Landscape Club

OFFICERS

BURK BROADLEY.....*President*
ROYAL CRANE.....*Vice-President*
JESSIE MCGRATH.....*Secretary*
JACK GLANCY.....*Treasurer*
MR. A. L. PRICE.....*Sponsor*

THE LANDSCAPE CLUB, as the Future Farmers, is one of San Juan's oldest organizations. In spite of the many new clubs which have come into existence at the school, the Landscape Club has continued to "hold its own" and to carry on its regular activities.

During this school year the usual tours were made to inspect various kinds of shrubs and flowers and interesting types of landscaping, and also to visit the Flower Show. The most important trip is usually taken in January, but because of the extremely *unusual* weather this year,

it was postponed until February. At this time the members visited Dr. June Harris' beautifully landscaped garden on Auburn Boulevard, the East Lawn Nursery with its wonderful conservatory, and Capitol Park which contains some of the most beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers from nearly every country of the world. These tours are very instructive as well as interesting, for Mr. Price calls attention to all the fine points of good landscaping.

During this year, too, several plans for the landscaping of patrons' homes were offered by the Club. In addition, every member agreed to make at least one improvement on his home grounds. Many cuttings were planted, and the growing shrubs pruned at each member's home. Thus every Club member helped the other to beautify his home environs.

Dance Club

MISS MARGARET HENCH.....*Sponsor*

THE DANCE CLUB this year consists of twenty girls and twenty boys, the majority of whom are Freshmen and Sophomores. This year the members have discussed dance etiquette, and have learned the fox trot and the waltz.

To take his place adequately in the entire school program, a student should be socially well adjusted; hence we have the

Dance Club as one of our extra-curricular activities. The dignity, the grace, the self-assurance acquired from this activity should be of great value to the student also, when he assumes his place in the greater social world. For in this *Age of Recovery*, such qualities as these which give poise and self-confidence will be an asset well worth acquiring.



TRAVEL CLUB
LANDSCAPE CLUB
DANCE CLUB

Music

"PEOPLE love music. This is the reason why our world is so full of music. For ages past people have made music; for ages yet to come other people will play or sing more music. We may not be able to understand the speech of other races or be able to read their books, but we can understand their music whatever their race or speech may be and whether it be of today or of ages long gone by. A few people are gifted with the power to compose music, and many more people are gifted with the talent to sing or play. But nearly every one has the power to enjoy music, to love music.

"Music is all about us. Sometimes it is very simple as when the old blind man on the busy street corner sings a sad little tune to the accompaniment of his droning hand organ. Sometimes it is very solemn as in church or, again, it is gay and spirited for a dance. Whatever its character, it nearly always commands attention, and if it comes from some gifted artist, orchestra, or talented opera company, has a rare charm all its own. It carries us out of our everyday selves into a world of the spirit, of pure thoughts, of happiness, of sympathy, of fun, of aspiration; and brings us back again refreshed and better able to do our work in the world.

"We live in a world of beautiful music and in a world of wonderful modern ways of making and hearing it. Just as music is made by people, so people are made by music. For music creates in those who hear it a 'clean heart' and renews within them a 'right spirit'."

"Clean hearts" are created and "right spirits" renewed—recovered, as it were—in a high school music department. San Juan Music Department, under the direction of Mr. Maddux Hogin, is no exception. With the music of its orchestra, band, and A Capella Choir our students have advanced to the higher joy of life, the higher understanding—to a region of beauty and sublimity.

The first presentation of the department was the operetta, "Polished Pebbles," by Otis M. Carrington. This was sponsored

by the orchestra, the A Capella Choir, and the voice class, under the direction of Mr. Hogin and Miss Fitch.

The cast was:

Uncle Bob.....	Marion Johnston
Winifred O'Brien.....	Dorothy Orwig
Millicent O'Brien.....	Lorene Fox
Mrs. O'Brien.....	Beatrice Johns
Rosalie.....	Mary May Ward
Mrs. Gabble.....	Nina Jean Maloney
Mr. Gabble.....	W. C. Smallwood
Nick.....	Byron Smith
Martha.....	Dorothy Wilkin
The Boy.....	Jim Patterson

The orchestra, composed of thirty-five members, has performed, as usual, at many school functions—the Senior Play, the Junior Play, Student Body Program, student assemblies, Educational Night, and at Graduation.

The band is composed of thirty regular members; there are ten other students who play with them on special occasions. The band has played at many of the athletic contests at other schools as well as here at San Juan. Its peppy music certainly added a "zip" to all the games. The members hope to have attractive uniforms in the very near future.

The music department has purchased several new instruments this year—to be used both in band and orchestra: four clarinets, an oboe, a bassoon, two baritone, a sousaphone, and a French horn.

For the first time in the history of the school, San Juan has an A Capella Choir—the only one in a high school of our class in the state. This choir has won much favorable comment on its performances at the churches and clubs of the community. The members have not yet procured their robes, but very likely will have them next year.

The Music Festival in May will be the crowning event of our "music year." At this time, the A Capella Choir, the band, and the orchestra will present a program in conjunction with the music groups of all the grade schools of the district.



A CAPELLA CHOIR
ORCHESTRA AND "POLISHED PEBBLES"
BAND

Drama

SINCE the dawn of civilization, Man has constantly undergone recurrent periods of darkness and gloom. It was formerly the case that when Finance was stricken, Art was also laid low. Then, after a long period, when civilization was practically destitute, Man found that he had lost the fine things of life when he allowed Art to follow the downward course of Finance; that when Finance recovered, Art was still groveling in the depths, a god in the dust. It required centuries of careful study to regain a portion of that which was lost. "Depression," as we now name this period of lowered standards in the financial world, no longer affects Art, which stands supreme, guiding the ideals, the visions, the moral courage of Mankind—aiding in its recovery.

Recovery depends, to a large extent, upon the wise expenditure of our leisure time, and it is to Art in all its forms and to Drama, in particular, that Man turns for relief from the cares of the day, seeking guidance to a higher, broader, more completely full life. Yet, too often Man finds in the theatres not inspiration but degradation or decadence. We, tomorrow's Man, have it in our power to regulate the Drama not only of our day, but of posterity. In order to fulfill this sacred mission, the students of today endeavor in their way to present to the world dramatic

interpretations that are wholesome and appealing. In miniature, we are Drama. In miniature, our audiences are the World. We present to them our work, our ideals, our courage. We, the students of Drama, "do our part."

With this in mind, three of the classes presented to the Student Body a dramatic offering. The Freshman Class gave a one-act play, "Sauce for the Goslings," a humorous protest against present-day "slang." The characters were portrayed by: *Betty Gibbons, Dick Hinze, Allan Stonesifer, Donald Clover, Jeanne Stark, Lavonne Sturges, and Evelyn Gliko*. The Sophomores presented a very clever play, "Dress Rehearsal," the cast being: *Donald McKeown, Bob Williamson, Wayne Mulch, Dave Duncan, Robert Whitsell, Art Spiers, Lowell Smiley, and Dick Dickson*. A fanciful playlet, "A Midnight Fantasy," was presented by the Seniors, with *Dorothy Harrison and Dorothy Orwig* as the cast, and *Lorene Fox* as the accompanist.

Soon the Seniors were given a real chance to display their dramatic ability; a three-act play of college life, "Whimsy," written by Owen Lee, was produced with great success. The cast was:

Gene Chester.....	Neil Wilson
Rosaline Saunders.....	Peggy Corbett



Jack Marshall.....	Scott Shaw
Judith Denning.....	Ruth Morley
Dale Denning.....	Lisle Selby
Mrs. Saunders.....	Joyce Lawrence
Dean Coulter.....	Bill Bond
Hermoine Du Pont.....	Elna Johnson
Bob Bryant.....	Bob Newell
Barbara Chatterton.....	Lorene Fox
Willard Martin.....	Louis Logan
Estelle Johnston.....	Theda Call
Donald Owens.....	Paul Orwig
Marjorie McHugh.....	Helen Davis
Chauncey Abbott.....	Roy Harper
Helen Mitchell.....	Eleanor Rose
Raymond Toler.....	Leland Baldwin
Ruth Morris.....	Ruth Russell
Orville Rhodes.....	Charles Bartells
Rebecca Thompson.....	Irma Green
Gilbert McDermott.....	Stillman Cortell
Thelma Wright.....	Dorothy Orwig
Howard Peters.....	Alva Saul

Early in the spring the Juniors produced "The Boomer," a three-act comedy of small-town life, written by Howard Reed. The cast included:

Pansy Prosser.....	Barbara Pefley
Mae Morris.....	Dorothy Wilkin
Ephraim.....	Kenneth Brown
Cyrus Green.....	James Beemer
John Roberts.....	Henry Coldani
Paulina Hicks.....	Addie Smith
Elmer Carter.....	Ray Haak
Mr. Bowman.....	Tommy Mapel
Mrs. Bowman.....	Ariel Peugh
Miss Bartlett.....	Annie Mai Corbitt
M. H. Johnson.....	John Prochaska
Nellie Bowman.....	Beatrice Johns

The dramatics class throughout the year worked on a number of one-act plays. They presented, first, "The Pot Boiler," with *Lisle Selby*, *Joe Smith*, *Kenneth Brown*, *Joe Archimedes*, *Theda Call*, *Muriel Maddocks*, *Ruth Russell*, and *Bob Hauser*. "Farewell, Cruel World," an adolescent play concerning three serious minded young people, was presented, with *Ruth Russell*, *Hazel Hillyard*, and *Kenneth Brown* playing the roles. "Sail Right In," a one-act comedy, was successfully produced with the following cast: *Lisle Selby*, *Theda Call*, *Kenneth Brown*, *Betty Cowan*, and *Joe Smith*. The last play was "Weinies on Wednesday," the cast being: *Bena Colombo*, *Dan Phillippe*, *Betty Cowan*, *Joe Smith*, and *Muriel Maddocks*. These one-act plays afforded artistic diversion for our own student body assemblies, for the elementary schools of the district, and for the clubs and other organizations of the community, and they were received with enthusiastic response and sincere appreciation.

The past "season" of Drama at San Juan was successful largely through the efforts of Miss Eileen Charter, the director of most of these productions.

We sincerely believe that those participating in these plays, not only on the stage but also behind the scenes, have aided in furthering the spirit of cooperation, vision, and development in the theatre, for the high-school students of today will lead the world tomorrow. San Juan is typical of the high schools of our nation, and can be justly proud of its achievements.



Girls' League

DORIS OSBORNE	President
BEATRICE JOHNS	Vice-President
LOUISE CHAPMAN	Secretary-Treasurer
MISS MARGARET HENCH, Dean of Girls	Sponsor

THE purpose of the Girls' League is to discuss student problems and to create a feeling of friendship between the girls and the teachers as a group rather than as a pupil and teacher relationship. This year under the very capable and inspiring leadership of our dean, Miss HENCH, we feel that our Girls' League has succeeded in creating a feeling of comradeship and in instilling a desire for higher ideals.

The Girls' Hi Jinx, our annual party, was held on January 18, and everyone entered into the spirit of fun and merriment that prevailed that evening. All the women of the faculty, the wives of the

trustees, and the members of the Girls' League came in costume. Prizes were awarded to: Lois Wildberger, first, and Dorothy Dickson, second, for the most original costumes; Ollie Carey and Louise Chapman, for the prize waltz; Gretchen and Addie Smith, for the prize fox-trot. A program, games, and a picnic lunch were other attractions of this evening of fun.

In commemoration of Mothers Day, each girl sent her mother a greeting card which was designed by the printing class, and also a lovely corsage made by the girls themselves.

Boys' League

MR. A. L. PRICE, Dean of Boys	Sponsor
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THE Boys' League is composed of all the boys of the student body, with Mr. Price, the dean of boys, as its sponsor. This year there were no officers.

This association was organized for the expressed purpose of helping the students in their problems concerning school work or extra curricular activities. Individual questions of home, social, and even eco-

nomic concern are discussed privately with the dean. Among the numerous questions presented at the meetings were the conduct of students, their attitude toward school and fellow students, and sportsmanship.

Every boy has been benefited by the wide variety of problems presented for discussion and has been made a cleaner, finer citizen of school and community.

Language Club

OFFICERS

VIOLET HAVERMANN	President
JOYCE WARD	Vice-President
MARYLIN GILMORE	Secretary
GARNETTE NILES	Treasurer
MISS EUNICE FITCH	Sponsor

ALTHOUGH small, the Language Club was composed of very enthusiastic members. Since each one was a Spanish student, the activities of the club were confined mostly to a study of Spain. The girls learned something of the nature of that country, its people and their customs. At Christmas-time the club became ac-

quainted with the various Christmas festivities of Spain. One meeting took the form of a Christmas party.

The girls in the club were very active in the ticket selling contest sponsored by the Junior Class for their play, "The Boomer." The Language Club sold the second largest number of tickets.



THE accompanying picture portrays the black clouds of the great financial depression casting their gloom over the world of 1929. Then, in the not too far distant future, comes a gradual brightening. The N. R. A., originating in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., is shown gilding the western world with rays of hope and confidence.

Muriel Maddocks, '36.



Second Prize Cut

Athletics





Winners of Athletic Trophies

ATHLETICS, as a rule, mean a great deal to each girl who participates in them. They not only serve as a pleasure to her during her four years of school, but they are of great advantage to her in her social life. Athletic contests teach her to be a good sport and to "get along" with her teammates—lessons which will be of untold value to her when she takes her place in society.

Athletics are not individual sports in which she can have things just as she likes. They are sports in which she must compete with a number of girls, making it necessary to learn to give and take—to accept defeat and victory with the same grace. She also comes in closer contact with her schoolmates, for it is in athletic contests, more than in any other part of the school program, that she learns to know their dispositions and their true characters.

Then, too, the girl interested in athletics has attractive awards for which she can work. She can receive the coveted block letter if she earns 700 points. There is also a silver trophy given each year to the Senior girl who has been most outstanding in athletics during her four years of high school. From the time she is a Freshman, she looks forward to these awards, the

winning of which is indeed worth while as they should be the symbols of an all around good sport—a real girl, a real comrade.

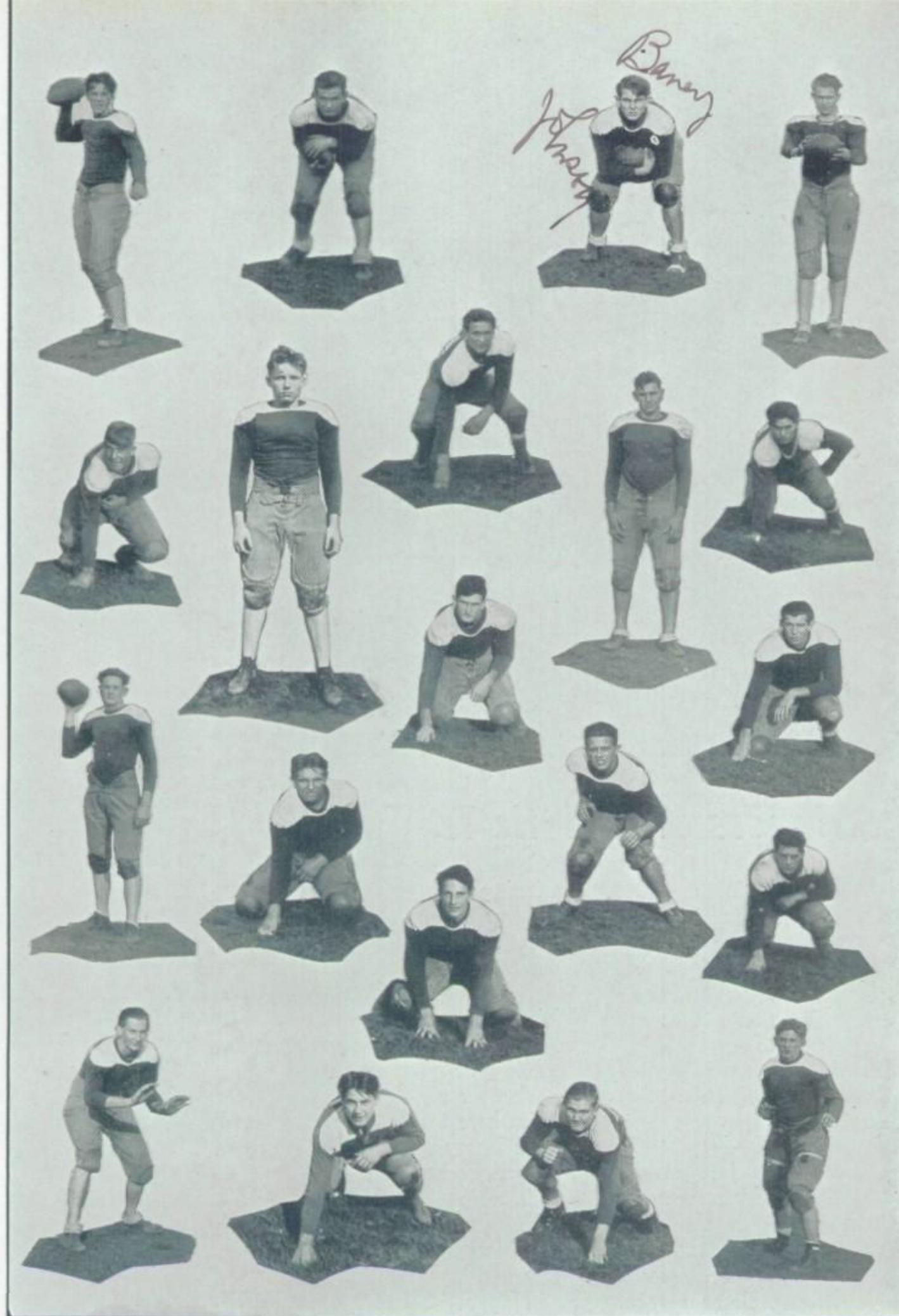
GERTRUDE STOUT, '35.

IT IS with much pleasure and with a feeling of real satisfaction that I look back over my four years' activity in athletics here at San Juan. What I enjoyed most in my participation in football, basketball, and baseball were the general good fellowship and the friendly contact with fellow players, even those on the opposing teams whom, at times, we felt like "tying in knots."

I appreciate, also, the lessons in sportsmanship, for a player must take even hard knocks with a smile. In later life when he meets his many competitors in the business or professional field, he will find these lessons a valuable asset.

Then, too, I feel that I should be a better citizen because of my athletic activities, for in the boy participating in athletic contests a fine spirit of loyalty to his team and his school is developed. This loyalty will be extended to his nation when he takes his place as a citizen in this great land of ours.

JOHN COWAN, '35.



J. Smith
B. Williamson
J. Clark
R. Johnson

B. Chaix
K. Skidmore
(Capt.-elect)
B. Rowland
D. Bolin

J. Cowan
P. Orwig
L. Logan

B. Johnson
S. Baranek
(Captain)
M. Johnston
W. C. Smallwood

S. Shaw
M. Lewis
R. Codman
M. Reese
L. Smiley

Football

SAN JUAN this year had the fastest and hardest fighting team in the history of our school. Coach Paine rounded out a snappy, fighting squad that won five games out of the six played.

The comparative scores of the games were as follows:

San Juan.....	41	Clarksburg	6
San Juan.....	6	Courtland	19
San Juan.....	2	Galt	0
San Juan.....	6	Elk Grove.....	0
San Juan.....	13	Sacramento "B"	6
San Juan.....	13	Placerville	0
	—		—
	81		31

After a few skirmishes with Grant, Roseville, and Placerville, we opened our season with a practice game with Clarksburg. Coach Paine used many players and almost all of them showed up exceptionally well, as the final score San Juan 41, Clarksburg 6, indicated. The outstanding feature of this game was the four touchdowns gained by Joe Smith.

COURTLAND-SAN JUAN

For the second game we find our old rivals, the river team of Courtland, coming up here. This year we came closer than ever to breaking the jinks that they seem to hold over us. We scored upon them for the first time in six years. The final score was 19 to 6 in Courtland's favor.

GALT-SAN JUAN

In the third game we find our fast fighting Spartans at Galt. This was a very hard fought game. Although we put the ball over the line once, it was called back on account of an off-side. We scored when we blocked a punt that rolled over their end zone. This gave us two points, making the final score 2 to 0 in San Juan's favor.

ELK GROVE-SAN JUAN

Elk Grove put up a stubborn defense when we tackled them on their home field. In the early minutes of the game we completed a fine pass to score, but we failed

on the conversion. When the game ended after many exciting plays, we found our team ahead 6 to 0.

SACRAMENTO "B"-SAN JUAN

Next we played the quick Sacramento "B" team at the Sacramento Junior College Stadium. This is a fast field to play upon; it helped to account for many good runs and exceptionally good blocking by our fellows. In the first half we were able to get over two touchdowns and convert on one. Sacramento came back in the second half and managed to score after our line put up a stubborn defense. The game ended San Juan 13, Sacramento 6.

PLACERVILLE-SAN JUAN

In our last game of the season we traveled to Placerville. After a hard fought game we found our fast Spartan eleven winning its fourth straight game and its fifth of the season by a score of San Juan 13, Placerville 0.

THE TEAM

The following are the boys who played on the regular team throughout the football season. Eleven of these will leave San Juan with the Class of 1935. Their teammates will miss them, but they wish them well—and promise to "carry on" for the greater glory of San Juan and her Spartans.

Quarterbacks — Johnny Cowan, Bob Hauser, Lowell Smiley.

Halfbacks — Joe Smith, Bob Chaix, Justin Clark, Max Reese.

Fullbacks — Barney Johnson, Scott Shaw.

Ends—W. C. Smallwood, Dick Bolin, Raymond Johnson, Marion Johnston.

Tackles—Steve Baranek, Paul Orwig, Richard Codman.

Guards—Louis Logan, Arthur Spiers, Bill Rowland, Bob Williamson.

Centers — Kenneth Skidmore, Charles Krause.

Basketball

THE SPARTANS ended their season with a very good average. Despite the fact that the "A" team made a weak showing in league competition, we are looking forward to an extremely successful season next year. Most of the first string of "A" team will be back, and we are anticipating the league championship. In non-league appearances the "A's" were fairly successful. They had only Smith left over from last year's team. The B's continued the hot pace they had set when they were "C's," taking the first league championship for San Juan in many years. Maple at forward and Joe Codina at guard were the main factors. Our "C's" began poorly, but ended up much better, taking second place. Perhaps they would have placed higher, had not sickness severely handicapped them, for it was very seldom that the whole squad could be brought together for a game.

GALT AT SAN JUAN

In the opening league game, the "C" team lost 22-16. The score was 16-16 with two minutes to go. The absence of Fulkerson was sorely felt. Joe Kageta scored seven points. Our "B's" followed the road they paved last year by winning 38-14. Tony Codina put up an air-tight defense, and Mapel made twenty-two of our points. In the "A" division we were victorious 28-26. Cowan and Smallwood each added nine points to the score.

SAN JUAN AT COURTLAND

The Spartan "C" team lost to the much heralded Courtland team, 26-12. Gavrilko's "fight" kept the Courtland score from being higher. He also made six points. Our "B" team put itself into line for the championship by winning 28-23. Mapel was high point man, making seventeen of our points. Our "A's" lost 28-19. Smallwood scored seven points for the team.

SAN JUAN AT ELK GROVE

Our "C's" won their first league game 17-12. Dundee's defense was the highlight of the game. Gavrilko was high point man with nine points to his credit. The Spartan "B" team won 18-8 with Vance making seven points for our team. The Elk Grove "A's" swamped us to the tune of

21-12. Our guards could not stop Podovan. Hauser was high point man, scoring five of the twelve points.

SAN JUAN AT GALT

Our "C's" turned the tables on Galt by triumphing 17-9. Frank Kageta piled up twelve points. The San Juan "B" team was victorious by 12-4. The low score indicates the good defense of Joe and Tony Codina. The "A" team lost a closely contested duel 25-23. Hauser was again high point man, with ten points to his credit.

COURTLAND AT SAN JUAN

Our "C" team again lost to Courtland, this time by 25-8. Frank Kageta made a score of four points for our team. Our "B's" cinched the championship by swamping Courtland 31-16. Mapel was high point man with eleven points to his credit. The Spartan "A's" lost 31-22, after jumping to a 10-0 lead. Shaw added eight points to the score.

ELK GROVE AT SAN JUAN

In the first game, our "C's" eked out a 16-13 victory to take second place in the S. C. A. L. Elk Grove jumped to a 7-0 lead, but our boys fought valiantly until, at half time, Elk Grove led by 8-7. Not until the final quarter did we take the lead. Gavrilko of San Juan made six points. In the "B" game we again won, the score being 19-17. Elk Grove took a last minute lead, but we came back just as strongly, and ended the league season undefeated. Vance scored eight points. Our "A's," however, were defeated. Our boys could not stop Cooley and Podovan, who made sixteen and ten points respectively, while Hauser of San Juan piled up nine points.

SAN JUAN AT DAVIS

In the preliminary game, our "A" team lost. In the "B" game we lost the right to continue in the Northern California Tournament by losing 39-15. Davis took a 12-0 lead in the first few minutes, and led at half-time 20-9. The fast break of Davis took San Juan off its feet. Jacobsen of Davis was high point man with fifteen points, while Greenhalgh of San Juan made eight points.



"A" TEAM
 "B" TEAM
 "C" TEAM

Baseball

BASEBALL, again a major sport at San Juan, did not have a very propitious start this year because of the poor condition of our baseball field—the result of unfinished repairs begun by the SERA.

The 1935 season started out with only two positions to to be filled. Approximately fourteen boys were out for these two positions; so every member of the team of the previous year had to fight hard to hold his position against so many competitors.

Only three practice games were played before the league opened. Although the team showed signs of a good season, the scores did not. They won over Clarksburg on March 19, by a score of 4 to 3. In the second encounter on March 21, they again won by the score of 8 to 5, but on the following day they were defeated by Roseville by the score of 7 to 2.

On March 26, they opened their league games and held the strong Courtland nine 8 to 8 in the ninth inning. At the end of this inning, the game was called on account of darkness.

On March 29, the Elk Grove nine set the Spartan nine down by a score of 3 to 0. This game was a pitchers' duel, with Matthews of Elk Grove winning out when he fanned twenty-three Spartans.

On April 2, Elk Grove again was our opponent, but this game was called in the

fourth inning on account of rain, with Elk Grove leading by a lone tally.

On April 10, Elk Grove and San Juan played the final game of the season with Elk Grove winning by the score of 4 to 0.

San Juan will retain eight letter men next year, some of whom have had two years' experience, and is expecting to produce a winning nine. The letter men who will return next year are:

Clark	Smallwood
Kageta	Rowland
Greenhalgh	Sertich
Mapel	Kole

The men who made up this year's team were:

Bill Rowland.....	Catcher
Alva Saul.....	Pitcher
Robert Chaix.....	Pitcher
Scott Shaw.....	Pitcher
Charles Schanz.....	Pitcher
W. C. Smallwood.....	First Base
Joe Kageta.....	Second Base
John Sertich.....	Second Base
Tom Mapel.....	Third Base
Howard Greenhalgh.....	Short Stop
Johnnie Cowan.....	Left Field
Desmond Eaton.....	Center Field
Cecil Kole.....	Center Field
Justin Clark.....	Right Field



Track

THE San Juan Tracksters, though small in number, enjoyed a very successful season. Joe Smith, the Spartan captain, was the nucleus of the team: 100-yard dash, Smith, Ebert, Fulkerson; 220-yard dash, Ebert, Codman; mile, Hall, Baker; football throw, Smallwood, Smith; broad jump, Smith; high jump, Smith; relay, Baker, Ebert, Codman, Smith.

Joe Smith entered the tri-team track meet among Elk Grove, Roseville, and Sacramento and took ten points.

The San Juan team entered the Davis Picnic Day Meet, on April 20. Joe Smith took second place in the high jump; Smallwood finished third in the football throw making a new record for San Juan. All told, this gave us five points.

Even though the boys wished that the point total had been larger, they are glad that it is better than the $\frac{3}{4}$ point they scored last year.

At the Martinez Relays, Joe Smith was our lone entry. From this meet, he came home with a tie for third place in the high jump. By virtue of his splendid showings, Joe was placed on the Northern California All-Star Team.

On April 11th, the All-Stars met the U. C. Freshmen. Smith tied for first in the high jump. On May 4, at the Roseville Invitational, Codman placed second in the 220; Smallwood, second, and Codina, fourth, in the football throw; Smith tied for third in the high jump. On May 11, at the C. I. F. Meet, Smallwood placed third in the football throw.

Tennis

DESPITE the fact that tennis has never been a major sport, San Juan has always been represented by an able squad. We are sorry that our tennis season does not begin until May. On May 1, the elimination matches will be held, with many boys competing for the teams. Matches will be arranged with Roseville, Grant, Lincoln, Placerville, and several other schools.

We are looking forward to a good season, as we have practically the same team that won honors for San Juan last year. The few vacancies will be capably filled by "new material." Our team for doubles will probably again consist of Jack Stansfield and Ray Haak. Chris Dundee, Burk Broadley, James Beemer, Jack Stansfield, and Charles Schanz are among the favorites in the singles.



Girls' Athletics

DEPRESSION in business, we have heard, has disappeared. In noting the increased activity in girls' sports here at San Juan, we are inclined to believe that the same *spirit of recovery* is guiding our athletic program.

A lively interest, it is true, has always been displayed by the girls; but this year, in certain sports at least, the enthusiasm seems to be stronger and keener. The lively group of Freshman girls, we feel, is largely responsible for this reawakened interest in athletics. At any rate, we are glad we have it—and we hope that every trace of indifference will be replaced by intense and hearty cooperation.

This year the following sports composed our athletic program: speedball, volley ball, basketball, baseball, and tennis.

Although no class teams were selected in volley ball, many of the girls enjoyed playing the game during their regular gym periods.

Tennis is a more or less individual sport, enjoyed by so many of our students. Some of the girls spend most of their time on the courts during class time and before and after school hours. There have been no tournaments as yet, but we are looking forward to some before school closes.

The following are the two outstanding players from each class:

<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
Frances Smith	Carolyn Zimmerman
Vivian Blyler	LaVerne Slight
<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Seniors</i>
Peggy Eaton	Mary May Ward
Eileen Rogers	Gertrude Stout

Speedball

AS this was just the second year of this popular sport at San Juan, there was a general increased interest, with more girls taking an active part. The inter-class games were played after school—the Sophomores taking the honors of victory.

The following are the members of the class teams:

<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>
BETTY GIBBONS (Captain)	PEGGY EATON (Captain)
Evelyn Gliko	Dorothy Graves
Margaret Gimbel	Eileen Rogers
Harriet Downing	Carmine Carey
Frances Smith	Ida Mae Shumate
	Gladys Harper
	Evelyn Doll
	Evelyn Claiborne
	Constance Smith
	Shirley Bolles
	Carol Neuerburg
	Freda Hauser
	Tillie Hauptman
	Shirley Ross
	Nina Jean Maloney



Juniors

EDNA STANFIELD (Captain)	
Dorothy Hard	Addie Smith
Laura Rettig	Veda Eggers
Phyllis Norton	Violet Havermann
Louise Chapman	Barbara Pefley
Esther Lohse	Florence Williamson
Dorothy Wilkin	

Seniors

ETHEL WILLIAMSON (Captain)	
Dorothy Orwig	Mary Korich
Jessie McGrath	Dorothy Harrison
Gladys Stark	Hazel Hillyard
Dorothy Downing	Lorene Fox
Gertrude Stout	Helen Davis
Ollie Carey	Doris Osborne

Basketball

BASKETBALL came to the front again this year—with more girls than usual taking an active part. There was much interest shown in the class tournaments—the Sophomores again walking away with the honors in the "A" group, and the Seniors in the "B" group.

The members of the class teams were:

Freshman "A's"

BETTY GIBBONS (Captain)	
Sheila Sadleir	Evelyn Gliko
Vivian Blyler	Jeanne Stark
Margaret Gimbel	Lena Giusti
Harriet Downing	

Sophomore "A's"

IDA MAE SHUMATE (Captain)	
Marian Caskey	Vera Graham
Elsie Gibbons	Eileen Rogers
Dorothy Graves	

Junior "A's"

DOROTHY HARD (Captain)	
Esther Lohse	Edna Stanfield
Carolyn Zimmerman	Josephine Barrett
Louise Chapman	

Senior "A's"

GLADYS STARK (Captain)	
Gertrude Stout	Doris Osborne
Dorothy Orwig	Ollie Carey
Ethel Williamson	Joyce Lawrence

Freshman "B's"

Pat Hicok	Shirley Bolles
Gloria Lawrence	Jane Robard
Evelyn Coldani	June Jurgens
Margaret Robinson	Inez Plumley
Marjorie Yarnell	Dorothy Thomas

Sophomore "B's"

Tillie Hauptman	Gladys Harper
Jeanne Filcher	Carmine Carey
Phoebe Howard	Delilah Caldwell
Freda Hauser	

Junior "B's"

Dorothy Wilkin	Florence Williamson
Virginia Gilman	Violet Havermann
Ariel Peugh	

Senior "B's"

Bena Colombo	Hazel Hillyard
Mary Korich	Dorothy Harrison
Dorothy Downing	



Fifty-one

Baseball

OUR baseball season had a late start this year because of the frequent rains, but when it did open we found enthusiastic groups vying for the honor of victor of the diamond. The first game was an exciting one, with the Sophomores losing to the

superior Freshmen 12-7. Another scoop of the season was the Junior-Senior contest, when the high and mighty Seniors had to bow down before the more powerful Junior nine with a score of 12-11.

Freshmen

EVELYN GLIKO (Captain)
Margaret Gimbel Harriet Downing
Evelyn Claiborne June Eastman
Betty Gibbons Lena Giusti
Margaret Robinson Vivian Blyler

Sophomores

DOROTHY GRAVES (Captain)
Peggy Eaton Evelyn Doll
Ida Mae Shumate Eleanor Tomich
Mary O'Branovich Marian Caskey
Freda Hauser Carmine Carey
Eileen Rogers Vera Graham

Juniors

NORMA DICKSON (Captain)
Esther Lohse Edna Stanfield
Louise Chapman Dorothy Goddard
Josephine Barrett Dorothy Hard
Anne Campoy Phyllis Norton
Carolyn Zimmerman Dorothy Wilkin
Laura Rettig

Seniors

DOROTHY DOWNING (Captain)
Ollie Carey Gertrude Stout
Jessie McGrath Dorothy Orwig
Lorene Fox Ethel Williamson
Doris Osborne Gladys Stark

Director's Comment

TO really appreciate girls' athletics, one must look into the past and there imagine a period in which girls were not allowed to participate and, in some countries, were not allowed even to be spectators in any athletic contests.

Just as, in any field, every new idea undergoes many changes and alterations, so with girls' athletics. From a minor beginning we now have women champions of tennis, golf, and swimming.

The competitive spirit is not carried so far in girls' sports as in boys' sports—the ideal is "The game for a games' sake"

—although perfection in any sport is desired and encouraged. Along with this ideal, the aim is mass participation in sports rather than the participation of a chosen few; thus, for girls, we have organized play days instead of competitive sports.

Paramount is held sportsmanship, and the desired goal is "a game for every girl, a girl for every game"—suited to her aim, interest, and capacity.

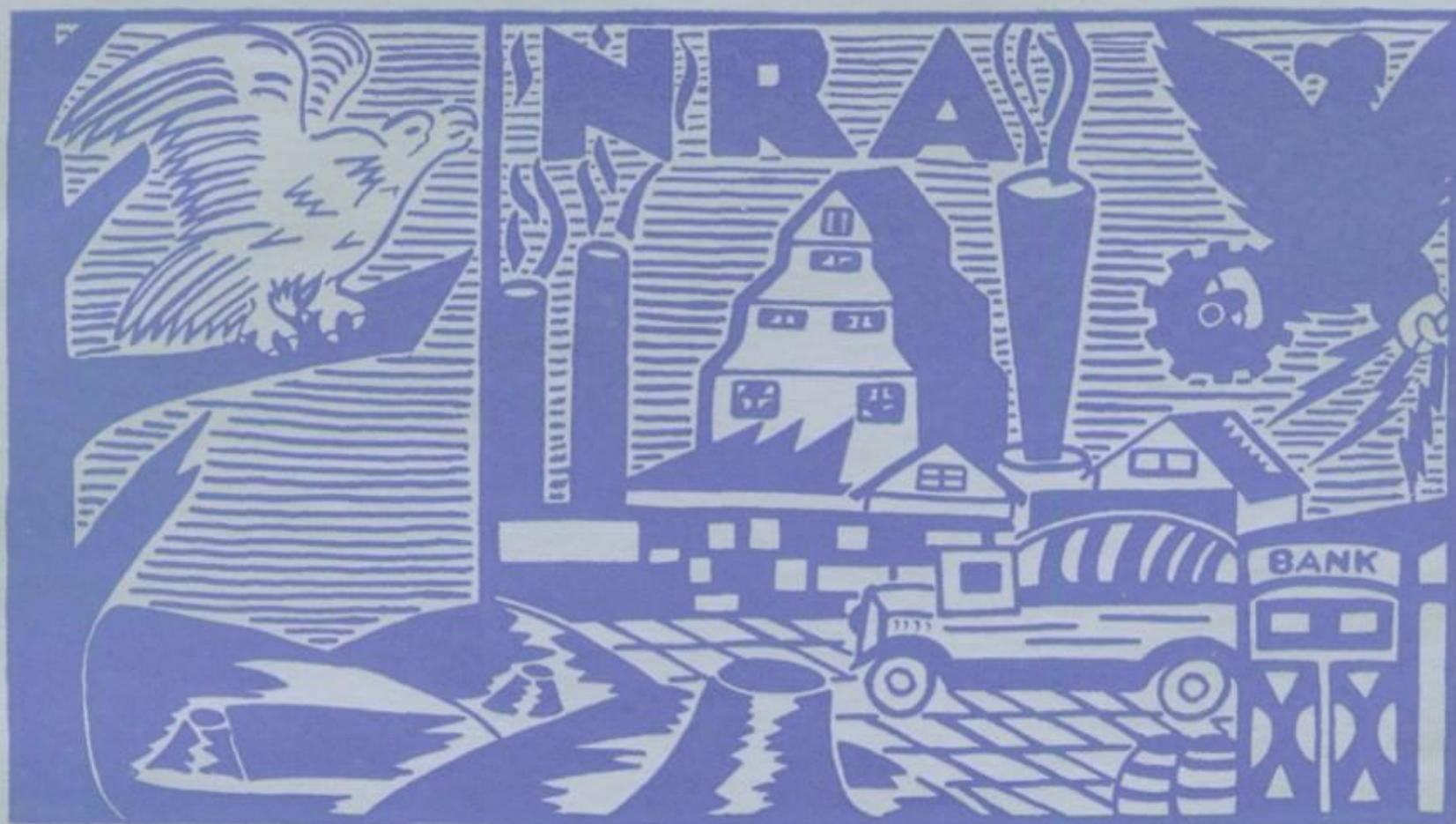
GEORGIAN R. KNOCK,
Head of Girls' Physical
Education Department.





N this sketch, I have symbolized the American Eagle in a state of anxiety during the years of depression. The Blue Eagle, on the other hand, is the symbol of the Nation's hope of recovery from the depths of despondent depression to the heights of trustful prosperity.

Edna Stanfield, '36.



Features

Moon in the East

[Prize Poem]

The Orient, in beauty, lived in my dreaming brain—
The favorite of an empire, dressed in silver rain
And luminous wings of moths. In her tiny ears were pearls,
Frozen tears of geisha girls; they glowed beneath the whirls
Of her dark hair. Each pearl was hollow made
And dripped moon-scent on moth brocade—
Scented satin flesh. Her slumbrous eyes
Marked each where an ice-star fallen dies.
Her lips a coral grave where in bliss
Lies the swooning ghost of the Emperor's kiss.
Could only I have died for her—
Or, better, been—the Emperor!

LISLE SELBY, '35.

Shining Necklaces

[Prize Poem]

Words are gems of rarest beauty,
But each is meaningless
Until strung into the necklace.

Strange sisters, Speech and Literature,
Who wear on their slim throats
Ugly beads among the pearls.

We cannot all be jewelers,
But may we not at least
Choose our gems with care?
LISLE SELBY, '35.

The Orient

[Prize Poem]

Ye that would behold strange things, follow me
Into my depths;
Thou shalt see the simplicity of complexity.
Ye that would hear great truths, listen to
My ancient whispers;
Thou shalt list to the voices of ghostly gods.
Ye that would taste unique fare, eat of
My myriad dishes;
Thou shalt dine on the essence of divinity.
Ye that would know sweet aromas, breathe of
The breath of my incense;
Thou shalt know the fragrance of ineffability,
Ye that would know of touch, learn to
Caress my jade;
Thou shalt feel the life of stones.
Ye that would have all knowledge, study in
My age-old classics;
Thou shalt have the cosmos in thy grasp.
Ye that would give the lie to verity, perceive
My mysteries;
Thou shalt gaze on the paramount of paradoxes.

LISLE SELBY, '35.

A Lesson for Sammy

[Prize Story]

"**A**W GEE, Mom, nobody is gonna bring *jam*. It says to bring a *can* of something; one *can* for each admission to the show. Lemme take a can of ole sauerkraut!" Sturdy Sammy begged loudly, his face a relief map with the rivers and mountains all dragging down toward the sea; while under the promontory of his fine forehead his calm eyes watched his mother shrewdly.

Mrs. Bloomington slapped her ample knee with a good right hand, and uttered commiserating clucks. "Sammy, for a boy whose mama sets a good table (and for a boy who never misses his snacks on the side), sometimes you impress me as being too hungry. Yessir, sometimes you impress me as being next of kin to an old porker named Henry we used to have on the farm—now, now." She hastily rose to her feet and clasped Sammy, who was on the brink of a sob, tightly in her arms.

"You take a nice big jar of raspberry jam as your share, and you see that benefit show, and all the time you'll be knowing that you've shared, and made somebody else happy. Mama's little boy doesn't want to be greedy?"

"Naw, but what's the use of giving jam—"

"Sammy! I'm exasperated." His mother spoke sharply to her favorite son, her baby, for whom she could not do too much, whose every need she filled. "You take the jam, or you do not see the show. That's final."

To Sammy, whose young heart yearned to beat in rapid time with the pictured hoof beats of his favorite motion picture cow pony, it was an ordeal to make a choice; fun or feast? Gradually it dawned on him, though, that his mother would dispense the jam in her own good time, and with almost too much toast. So when afternoon and theater time came, Sammy, with a small sad smile for his mother, took the raspberry jam and went down to the theater.

He stood around studying the posters, feeling that perhaps luck would befriend him—luck, or perhaps it was mother—but Sammy was not digging any too deeply into the whys and wherefores of things, good or bad. Sammy was very young, and very well satisfied with himself, the most envied little boy in the block. While he was watchfully waiting, a fat little girl came up, bragging that she was going to give two cans of string beans in exchange for her admission to the show.

Always a fast thinker, Sammy immediately stepped into line behind big-hearted Emma. When she proudly placed her two cans into the huge basket at the ticket box, Sammy, nodding and grinning, slipped in right behind her. He found a seat, a poor one behind a post, but he was greatly pleased with himself, for bulging beneath his shirt was his jar of raspberry jam. "Pretty smart," thought little Sammy, son of generous Mama Bloomington.

The jam was his—but when could he eat it? Not under his mother's eagle eye. On the screen before him flashed the thrilling and daring deeds of rugged cowboys. All around him boys and girls stamped and cheered.

Sammy felt vaguely indignant that he alone should be tormented by his delicious possession to such an extent that he could not enjoy the show. He simply could not forget that jam, and his indignation gradually turned towards his mother. It was she who had given him the jam. No wonder the others were having fun; they had only had vegetables, or soup, or stuff to give away.

Sammy opened one shirt button and uncovered the jar top. He eyed his neighbors, and cautiously began to unscrew the lid—it was off, and one plump finger popped knuckle-deep into the luscious jam. Yum, yum!

Sammy dipped his head for another quick, hasty gobble. He moved the jar up inside his starched white shirt until it was under his chin, and found it indeed more comfortable as he dipped himself this way and that, while the jam flowed steadily.

Finally he took the jar out, and found to his dismay that it was nearly emptied. He held it in his lap and tried to watch the picture. The little girl at his left saw the jam jar, and made indignant faces at him. "Hog," she whispered sibilantly. Sammy was startled; it was dark in the theater, and besides he was not used to listening to criticism.

Sammy was full of jam, far fuller than he had ever thought possible or desirable, but that remark roused his fighting spirit. Besides, it gave him an unpleasant feeling, that almost uncanny repetition of his mother's word. He drank—*glug—glug*—and slower now, two additional feebler *glugs*. He put the jar on the seat between his bare knees and shuddered violently as the syrupy sides of the jam came in contact with his skin.

Then, to his horror, he felt compelled to finish that jam, whether from a primitive urge to bury the evidence, or from a sugary form of acute intoxication. So with eyes popping and soul revolting he drank more jam. He had gone so far and so fast that it seemed as if forces outside of himself were driving him on, although by that time he had an idea that in some way Sammy was on the wrong track.

And then suddenly the world turned black. Pain gripped his middle, and he shrieked loudly. Healthy and sturdy Sammy, blessed with an astonishingly resistant interior, and complacently conscious of the fact, was suddenly stricken with the most outrageous turmoil in his vitals.

An usher came running and dragged Sammy into the aisle. The jam jar came too, and rolled hollowly towards the front of the theater.

The little girls at Sammy's left explained, "That naughty boy—he ate his whole donation to the poor—it was in a jar," while poor Sammy rolled in the aisle and screamed, leaving raspberry stains half an aisle wide and six seats long.

All around him heads craned, and unselfish givers to the poor commented on the outrageous spectacle.

The ambulance came, and Sammy, curled into a miserable bundle on the stretcher, was rushed to the emergency hospital, while people lined the streets and stared after the shrieking vehicle, and wondered on whom calamity had fallen.

"Acute-gastritis" had been the ambulance doctor's diagnosis. "Maybe a little session with the stomach pump will fix him up. Maybe a few sessions with mama's bedroom slippers in the right place will fix him up, too."

When at last a greenish-looking Sammy was taken home, his only comment to his mother's sad, incredulous reproofs was: "I bet *you* had to find out for yourself, too, that too much jam isn't half as good as just your share."

That was that, and a lesson for Sammy. And a lesson it should be, too, for those of us who have received more than our share from Mother Nature, but, who, in the years of depression, have failed to assist others less fortunate.

ESTHER LOHSE, '36.

A Painful Recovery

[Prize Story]

JELLY OCTAVUS slowly traversed the gloomy corridor with the delicate step and grace of an elephant. A sickly light from a small ceiling bulb flung the giant shadow mysteriously against the wall, causing the young man no little apprehension. He reached the top of the stairway and started a quiet descent. Twice, before his head had disappeared below the second floor of the dormitory, he had cast frightened glances backward, and at both just missed seeing the very small young man who was doing a good job of shadowing.

Jelly stepped out onto the campus, gave a loud sigh of relief, and then started off through a grove of large oaks. Moving through the gloom, he seemed larger than his two hundred and eight pounds, but he walked on with swiftness.

Howard Wassum, the youth who had shadowed him along the upper corridor of the Gammon Dormitory, trailed him across the campus, suspecting the cause of Jelly's trip to town. No sooner had he given thought to his suspicions, than the huge figure strode into a small hot dog stand.

Howard had waited just long enough before entering to see Jelly comfortably settled and ready to consume the first large mouthful of hot dog. An expression of terror and disgust crossed the moon face of Mr. Octavus. "It *would* be you," he said unhappily.

"And it would be you," returned Howard with anger, "who would step out at midnight to break training rules."

"I can't live without food," wailed Jelly. "That football training table is killing me. No sweets, no pies, no ice cream, no fancy dishes, no nothing except mealy old grub which no ordinary man could live on. I'm sick of it!"

"Oh, yeah? And I suppose you'd be happy if Coach had trailed you here? I suppose you'd be delighted if you were kicked off the squad?"

Jelly's face lighted. "And how!" he agreed with enthusiasm.

"But, my gosh, man—the team!"

"I wish it luck. As for myself, I didn't want to play football and still don't. I went out because you made me. The game is goofy enough anyway, but any sport which tries to starve a guy for three months is nutty."

Howard's eyes filled with an expression of agony. "You don't really mean that."

"Says you I don't!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why, if I had your physique, I'd——."

"You'd be suffering for some real food right now."

"——I'd make myself the greatest football player in the history of Gammon," resumed Howard. "Why, listen, Jelly, you don't know what an opportunity you've got; you don't realize what it will mean to you. My old man was one of the swellest football players this school ever had. From the time I was a baby he tried to build me up and train me to be a football player, but he was disappointed. I weigh only a hundred and eighteen pounds, and I'm not even able to get on the squad. However, because I'm small and thin isn't any sign I can't do anything for the team. The trouble with you, Jelly, is that you never get mad or excited; all you think about is food. Why don't you try to get some school spirit into those veins of yours?"

"I won't. I hate fighting spirit, but—oh, how I love French cooking."

Hearing this, Howard gave up all hope. How could he ever make Jelly recover from this gluttonous appetite—this dreadful "food disease"?

The next week Farmville was to battle Gammon College for the year's championship, and the most outstanding player would receive a small football of solid gold with his name engraved upon it. At eight o'clock on the night preceding the big game, Howard drifted into his friend's room, and found him deeply interested in a magazine displaying a large collection of toothsome desserts, for Jelly's hobby was to cut out all pictures of advertised delicacies.

Howard sighed, "Will you kindly drop that food stuff for awhile and come with me?"

"Where to?"

"I promised to call at the hotel, for four or five Farmville boys are there. They seem anxious to meet you."

Hearing this, Jelly quickly laid aside the magazine and grabbed his cap. "I'll come along. Not because I want to, but simply because I'll go nuts sitting here just being hungry."

Wassum, listening to this last exclamation, knew that it would be hard to break the spell that food had cast over Jelly Octavus.

On reaching the hotel, they found the five Farmville boys comfortably occupying the largest suite in the entire hotel.

In a half hour or so, one of the hosts left the room, but no one seemed to notice his departure. Five minutes later the telephone rang for Howard Wassum.

After placing the receiver on its hook, he turned to his friends and said, "I've got to go. It's very important. Be back in an hour."

Jelly arose to accompany him, but the other students begged him to stay. They argued that they wished to do honor to the man who, next day, was to play against them. Octavus, feeling that to leave them would be unkind, decided to remain.

After Howard's departure, the door opened and in came three waiters. The first had a large table laid with silverware and china; the others carried a portable oven containing rich, delicious food. This aromatic display caused a groan to escape from the bulky Jelly. It was almost more than he could stand. Six chairs were drawn up to the table, and he was invited to join.

"Gosh, I'm sorry, fellows, but I can't."

"Oh, come on."

"Training rules. No eating after or between meals."

"Too bad. Don't mind if we start in, do you? We're famished."

"Go right ahead—"

The Farmville men did as they were told, and between tantalizing smacks, talked not of football, but of the richness of the food.

"Sure you won't join us, Jelly?"

"I'm sure. I'd like to, but—"

"Try an olive."

"No, thanks."

"Shucks. One olive never hurt anybody."

"Well,—just one."

The olive dish was handy and Octavus ate a half dozen. Then he noticed that some one had served a plate and put it before him—a rare, juicy steak smothered with delicately pale mushrooms. Jelly felt himself weakening. He didn't mean to eat the steak, but suddenly it was gone, and the fat boy's appetite instead of being satisfied had become greater. He helped to clear the table, eating all the delicious left-overs. Shortly after ten o'clock Howard Wassum returned and dragged Jelly away.

The morning of the great game came, and Jelly awakened feeling much better than he had in months. He went to the gym and noticed that all the boys were nervous, but he was greatly at ease. Suddenly the Coach entered and announced, "Team as usual except that Hot Glover replaces Jelly Octavus at right guard."

Jelly struggled to his feet. His smiling face had turned to lines of pain and wonder.

"Buy why, Coach—why?"

"Because you broke training rules; that's why. Last night you allowed these Farmville boys to make a fool out of you."

"H-h-ow did you know?"

"Sit down! All the rest of the team go out to the field."

For the first time in his life Jelly Octavus was really hurt. He saw his teammates' shocked expressions as they walked to the door. Now, for the first time during the season, he wanted to play football, and he saw that Farmville was going to win. Hidden, quietly watching the large figure, was Howard Wassum with a sly smile on his face.

The Gammon team fought a hard battle, but news came before the last quarter that the score was 6—0 in the opponents' favor. After much pleading, the Coach finally consented to send Jelly in for the last fifteen minutes.

It was a hard fight—a struggle against odds—but finally Jelly gained seven yards. He laid low a Farmville man, looked down without pity, and said, "That was for the olives."

Two plays later he had the pleasure of colliding with another man whom he sent sprawling to the ground. "That's for the juicy beef steak!"

"There's my thanks for the grilled sweet potatoes, and that pays for the spaghetti," as two others "bit the dust."

Cheers rent the air as the game ended with the score 17-6 in Gammon's favor. New football history had been made.

One hour before the annual football banquet that evening, a very special meeting was called for the presentation of the golden award. The banquet hall was crowded. The President sat at the head of the table, with the Coach on one side and Howard Wassum, Sr., on the other. Wassum was happy, but he regretted very much not having the pleasure of seeing his son receive the award. He gave a sigh, and turned his attention to the Coach's speech.

It was a very fine talk and it held everybody's attention; it was all about a hero of Gammon College. "To this man," explained the Coach, while all eyes centered on Jelly Octavus, "goes the honor of heading the list of football heroes for this year. And so, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to present the gold football to Mr. Howard Wassum, Jr."

There was a gasp; then all of the audience started to chatter. Young Howard did not understand what it was all about, but the Coach explained that Howard had tricked

Jelly into breaking the training rules, the latter finally getting angry enough to try to get revenge on the Farmville boys. The five men at the hotel were of Gammon, not of Farmville.

"And now, Mr. Jelly Octavus," continued the Coach, "I hope that you have recovered from that obnoxious disease of yours—'eat-itis'. I thank you."

APRIL ORSI, '38.

Maureen O'Day

[Honorable Mention]

MAUREEN O'DAY, who had inherited a vast fortune by the recent death of her father, sat in contemplation. She was a picture of charm seated before her mirror absently combing her hair. A small oval face, its creaminess broken only by a ridge of freckles across a small turned-up nose, was framed by a crown of fiery red hair. Eyes of a deep violet looked out from beneath thick fringed lashes. Her slim figure was clad in a lovely green negligé which enhanced the beauty of her burnished locks.

It had been so very lonesome and quiet since her father's death that Maureen was considering a long trip—far away from everything that brought back fond memories of her dear father. She finally decided to go south to a little town in South Carolina that had caught her fancy when she had passed through it on one of her father's flying trips. She packed hurriedly, before she could change her mind, and arranged to leave the next morning.

After several days of tiresome travel by train, she reached the small town of Garlington, South Carolina. As she walked from the station to the little town's only hotel, she noticed that so many of these reputedly carefree Southerners seemed very depressed—worried. This did not bother Maureen for long, however, as she just radiated happiness, and a few downcast Southerners could not dampen her spirits. But after several days in Garlington, she found that its people were laboring under the severe strains of a real depression. Their factories were shut down; there was no work in the vast cotton fields. Here was a real problem, and Maureen was eager to help. She first decided to buy a home in order that she might work out the plan she had in mind.

She arose very early on a bright spring morning, packed her lunch, and was off by herself in an old, dilapidated Ford that she had rented. Before she had gone far she christened it "Hit and Miss," for it traveled by jerks and sputters and the left rear fender rattled so furiously that Maureen could scarcely think. Going down hill, it traveled rapidly and passed all the "streamlines," but going uphill, for every leap forward, it took one bound backward. Finally it could go no farther. It gave one weak cough, a short quiver, and died gallantly—trying to make the grade.

Maureen was not to be checked, however. She climbed out, picked up her lunch, and started walking leisurely down the road, breathing deeply the fragrance of the magnolia blossoms. She had not gone far when suddenly a lonely old southern mansion loomed up before her. Slowly she walked up the driveway, mentally making a repair here and planting a rose bush there, and unconsciously murmuring, "Of course, it's in a terribly run-down condition, but how lovely it could be made with a little labor and money."

Her knock was answered by an old negress—a real colored mammy. Maureen asked if she might see the mistress. Without answering, "Mammy" shambled off and, in a few moments, a lovely old lady stood framed in the doorway.

"Will you come in?" she asked. Maureen entered, introducing herself, and explained why she had come. Mrs. Severn, as the lady had introduced herself, remained quite still for some minutes and then she spoke, breaking into tears. She told between sobs how the cotton crops had failed, how her money had dwindled until there was none left and, as a last resort, she had decided to sacrifice the old mansion. Maureen, kindhearted and unselfish, sat very quietly for a moment, then jumping to her feet, she smiled roughly. "I have it! You shan't sell your home if you don't want to. I'll tell you what you can do."

Several days had elapsed since Maureen's eventful visit to "Oakwood." She was sitting happily in a comfortable guest room of Mrs. Severn's home when suddenly she

heard a great commotion in the side entrance hall. She hastily made her way down the long flight of stairs and, to her astonishment, there lay sprawled on the floor a most peculiar figure! Hastily it scrambled to its feet, and Maureen saw before her a young man, tall, broad shouldered, with dark, wavy hair and merry brown eyes. And, of course, she could not help noticing his nose which, like her own, had a decided tilt.

"Well," said Maureen.

"Er . . . a . . . How do you do?" murmured the embarrassed young man.

"How do *you* do! And now what is the meaning of this unceremonious arrival? Who are you?" queried Maureen all in one breath.

"I tripped on the rug—hence my unceremonious arrival. And," with a deep bow, "I am Kent Severn. May I humbly ask your name?"

"Oh!" gasped Maureen. "I didn't know Mrs. Severn had a son." She stood staring incredulously as Mrs. Severn rushed in, happily greeted her unexpected son, and introduced Maureen, who quickly excused herself.

The next morning Maureen arose very early, for the renovating of "Oakwood" was to begin that day. She was to give the workmen their instructions, and she and Mrs. Severn were to supervise the gardeners' work. She also had an early appointment with a welfare worker whom she had brought into the community. She halted at the foot of the stairs as she heard the angry words of Kent floating in from the veranda where the table was set for breakfast.

"I won't have it," he raged. "The idea of some young society upstart coming into our home and trying to do a job which is duteously mine. I can take care of you, Mother, without the help of anyone else."

Maureen could scarcely hear Mrs. Severn's pacifying reply, but she was so angry that she did not care. So that's what he thought! Well, she'd show him.

She saw Kent only once that morning and he politely avoided her. "Oh, well, I don't mind—although he could be very nice if he would only try," thought Maureen as she stood gazing from the library window awaiting the arrival of the welfare worker, who reported the gratitude of the people for her kindly assistance and encouraging plans for their welfare.

It was early evening. Tiny stars twinkled in the heavens, a silvery moon cast a shimmering light across the lake, and a soft breeze whispered its way through the tree tops. Maureen sat still and breathless as she drank in all the ethereal beauty of twilight. Suddenly her lonely reverie was broken by a slight rustle of leaves behind her. She turned to see Kent standing, gazing down at her.

"I think it due time I apologized for my rudeness and for my thoughtless attempts to interrupt your wonderful plans to help Mother. You can never know how terribly sorry I am. I did not know what you were really doing—how happy you were making Mother—and I thank you. You will accept my apology, won't you?"

"Of course," said Maureen; "I knew you would understand—eventually."

One afternoon, several weeks later, found Maureen wandering slowly across the newly landscaped terrace. She glanced fondly at the now beautiful old mansion. "I do hate to leave it," she murmured.

"Must you?" asked a low voice behind her.

Maureen whirled around to see Kent leaning nonchalantly against a pillar.

"You see, you have been such a generous friend—a little fairy at the touch of whose magic wand everything becomes bright and happy. And I would miss you so very much. I should like you to stay. Please do, Maureen."

"Oh, that's sweet of you." Maureen was thrilled. "I'm afraid that you won't have to coax me much. I am so happy here—and so lonely at home. And I do love your old home—beautiful 'Oakwood'."

"Fine. Let's go tell Mother," Kent clasped Maureen's hand, and with light hearts they walked back to the house, as the golden sun slipped slowly and peacefully behind the horizon. And so Maureen with her thoughtfulness and unselfishness had gained friendship and love, and had recovered her confidence in herself and had planted a hopefulness in the hearts of those sorely in need of it.

MELBA HIXSON, '35.

Friendship Regained

[Honorable Mention]

IT was late winter. Rachael had come from the Lady of Victory Academy, which she attended in Ottawa, for the week's vacation between terms. She was sitting before the fireplace at the Indian Agency in Northern Quebec, talking to Mrs. Anderson, who taught in the mission school.

Rachael's father, a physician and the Director of Indian Affairs for the district, had flown out to Ottawa for an important meeting. The missionary, Reverend John Anderson, had gone with him to report his program with the Indians and to tell of his wife's success with the mission school.

Mrs. Anderson was staying with Rachael while their men folk were away. Over their teacups they were chatting like magpies. Mrs. Anderson had just told the girl that she had received a nice letter about her from Dr. Ralston, for whom she worked while she was attending school. Her work was to answer the phone in the evenings, and to do a little light housework. Working for Dr. Ralston helped her very much, for she hoped to enter the nursing profession. A rose of flush had come into her cheeks at the mention of the doctor's letter, for praise from him meant something. As Rachael stretched her feet to the fire, her eyes fell on the white moccasins she was wearing. They were daintily embroidered and trimmed with ermine, and lovely as only Megija could make them. They reminded Rachael of Megija and their beautiful friendship.

"I had hoped Megija would be here to spend the vacation with me. I'm sure she'll get here by tomorrow," she said, with a catch in her voice.

Mrs. Anderson had to tell Rachael that Megija would not come tomorrow or any other day; that her grandfather, Chief Naoksak, had forbidden her to leave the encampment. "She must not be friends with the 'whites.' His word is law and she must obey. Chief Naoksak allows no 'whites' except Rachael's father and Reverend Anderson to come to his tribe."

Rachael did not know what to say; she was so bewildered. Mrs. Anderson tried in vain to comfort her before she went into the kitchen to fix some food for the sled dogs. A bit later Rachael called to her in such an excited voice that she almost dropped the bowl of food she had prepared.

"Look out of the window!" she exclaimed, peering out into the gathering twilight.

It was Megija! Rachael flung open the door and ran down the snow-packed walk. Megija told her that her little brother, Tepek, was very sick and that they needed help.

"Father is not here and there is no way that we can reach him," explained Rachael.

"Grandfather is sure that Tepek has scarlet fever," wailed Megija.

Rachael assured Megija that she could go to care for her brother.

While Mrs. Anderson prepared a warm meal, Rachael made Megija comfortable before the fire. Later they talked over their plans. When they had finished eating, Megija curled up on Rachael's bed and fell asleep almost instantly. After dressing, Rachael tiptoed from the room so that Megija might get a little rest before they departed.

It was almost night when they started to the encampment. Megija went to sleep on the sled. As Rachael sped nearer and nearer the camp, she wondered how Chief Naoksak would receive her. Responsibility rested heavily on her. Her mission was like a rope plaited of many strands. The one emotion the old chief had never hidden was his deep affection for his grandson, whose life was now in danger. Tepek was the glory and pride of the tribe, the chief-to-be. His father had met a tragic death a few years ago. If Rachael saved Tepek's life, she could lay her success before Dr. Ralston as a tribute to his kindly interest in her.

When they reached the encampment, Megija said she would go first to speak to her grandfather.

A few minutes later the Chief came out and told Rachael that she was welcome to enter. Rachael stepped inside the tent. Tepek was lying on a couch, flushed with high fever and stoically bearing his pain. Megija stooped and told him that Rachael had come to help him get well.

Rachael took his temperature and examined his throat. In a manner that inspired confidence, she worked with the stricken boy. Chief Naoksak watched every move she

made. She laid packs on Tepek's throat; and kneeling beside him, she changed the cloths continuously. She was soon breathing a prayer of thankfulness. Tepek had neither slept nor eaten in more than twelve hours. Within the hour of her arrival, the raging temperature was reduced; the pain in his neck subsided; and after she had bathed his face and hands, he soon went to sleep. All night she nursed him. The crisis passed. The cold light of a new day broke faintly in the east. Chief Noaksak told her to rest and let him watch. After Rachael had rested, she and Megija returned to the tent.

Chief Noaksak handed each a bracelet, carved of virgin gold. He told Rachael his reason for not wishing to be friends with the white people.

"A long time ago," he began, "my son, Megija's father, found gold. He went to his friend, the white man's engineer, to have assay tests. The white man said that the gold was worthless. The white man lied. He staked a claim for the white tribe. My son lost his gold. He felt he was no longer a wise man to lead my people. He went far away. He never returned."

Rachael understood then the reason that he did not wish to be friendly with the white people. Chief Noaksak told the girls that he had carved the bracelets from the gold his son had lost.

"But we are friends again from now on. The white people shall always be my friends. We have recovered something far more precious than yellow metal."

MARIAN CASKEY, '37.

"Paper, Mister?"

IN an obscure corner, protected but little from the icy wind and sleet by his meager clothing, was huddled a small, pathetic figure. In his arms he carried a few remaining editions of the evening newspaper. Over the crisp black curls, peculiar to his Latin race, was drawn a ragged old cap which hid from view the upper part of his face. His hands were blue with cold, and trembled a little as they held out a newspaper to the first passer-by.

It was late afternoon of a bleak November day. Snow was being driven mercilessly against the glass show-windows by a hard and chilling wind.

Jerome Barber emerged from his pretentious office on Fourth Avenue into the almost deserted street. His faultless clothing and general air of good breeding usually proclaimed him to be what he was—a successful business man. Of late his business, however, had been steadily declining, and his unavailing attempts to rebuild it reflected plainly in the discouraged and irritable expression on his face. He thought ruefully of his expensive apartment and office which he had been forced to forsake for less costly rooms on a much less exclusive street. As the closing banks left him with very little money, he gave up his business altogether and had just bade a regretful goodbye to his now unemployed office force.

Jerome wondered vaguely what the future had in store for him. Life that evening seemed particularly dark and foreboding. He strode through the gathering twilight, oblivious of the surroundings. Abruptly he collided with a hitherto unseen obstacle. Stopping shortly, he looked down into the upturned eyes of a ragged little Italian newsboy.

"Sorry," muttered Jerome hastily, and started to pass. Snow was sifting uncomfortably inside his overcoat collar, but something intangible but disturbing about the little newsboy's eyes caused him to pause.

The boy's eyes fell. "Paper, Mister?" he asked.

The answer was affirmative but grudging. Small cold hands fumbled awkwardly for a newspaper. The street lights were dim and almost useless.

"Well, what's the matter?" grumbled Jerome impatiently, "Can't you see?" The increasing cold and dangerously slippery sidewalks served to add to his disagreeable humor.

"No, sir, I guess I can't, very well," came the answer humbly, but a bit reproachfully.

Instantly, Jerome regretted his hasty speech. He placed his hand kindly on one of the thin shoulders.

"You are—blind?" he asked.

The newsboy turned his face. "Almost," he whispered hoarsely. Jerome, too, turned away to hide his emotion. When he spoke again it was in a choked, husky voice.

"Oh, come now," he said glancing around, "this is no place for a child. Can't I take you home?"

"I guess not, mister." The boy jerked away quickly.

"Where do you live?" As Jerome pressed the question the little Italian cried defensively.

"I don't live nowhere. Anyhow, it wouldn't seem anywhere to you." His eyes passed scornfully over the immaculate clothing of the other. Jerome thought of his own expensive wardrobe, bought in pre-depression days and unconsciously compared it to the threadbare suit of the homeless child before him.

"I been sleepin' in the back of Mr. Lubin's store," said the boy finally, "but he said he wasn't goin' to keep it open any more after today. Said business was too bad." And as the little boy saw the friendly light in the man's eyes, he volunteered unexpectedly, "My name's Angelo."

And Angelo was surprised to find himself seized roughly by the shoulder and guided firmly but kindly along the icy sidewalk. "Well, little fellow," came the pleasant voice of the stranger, "you need a friend pretty badly, don't you?"

Days stretched into weeks and weeks into months, and Jerome's protégé still shared his modest apartment. Daily the two became more attached to each other, and daily the sight of the little Angelo became weaker and weaker. At last, in desperation, Jerome sought the finest eye specialist in the city. He determined to risk what little money he had in the forlorn hope that an intricate operation could restore the rapidly dimming sight. He never stopped to ask himself why the health of the little stranger should concern him so. But when he saw the thin pale face becoming thinner and paler, he recalled his own unhappy childhood and unconsciously endeavored to make up to the handicapped child for what fate had so cruelly dealt him.

Nervously he paced the floor while the specialist performed the delicate optical surgery. Desperately he wished he could have imported the famous French surgeon, Dr. Leblanc, whom so many doctors had recommended. "Perhaps then," he mused, "I could have had some hope."

Day and night he watched by the boy's bedside, allowing his hope to be aroused as Angelo seemed to gain strength day by day. However, when the bandages were removed, the dark eyes were practically sightless.

Kind friends lent Jerome what money they could spare and he obtained all possible medical aid for the blind child, to no avail.

Time after time Jerome thought longingly of the great Dr. Leblanc. "He," he thought hopelessly, "could surely do something." Now grave looks and sympathetic half-promises were all he could elicit from Angelo's doctors.

Then one great day, the newspapers announced proudly that the famous surgeon would attend the annual medical convention in the city. For a moment Jerome's hopes soared, and then he thought dejectedly, "But great doctors demand exorbitant fees," and he, being scarcely able to feed and clothe himself and Angelo, almost gave up the idea of engaging the competent surgeon.

As a last resort, he again sought the specialist who had failed in the first operation. To his surprise, the man promised to use his influence to induce the greater surgeon to do what he could for Angelo. Generously he offered to advance the fee. Perhaps the thought of his utter failure troubled him, or perhaps he had a little boy of his own. Who could tell? The important thing was that the operation was arranged for.

Once more Jerome moved agitatedly from window to window of the little reception hall, as the reeking fumes of the anaesthetic poured sickeningly from the operating room. He shuddered to contemplate the fate of the little Italian boy if that last chance should fail. No thoughts of his lost fortune, or of the great debts he had contracted bothered the mind of Jerome Barber that day. He concentrated solely on the success of the doctor in the room across the hall. Suspense was maddening, and he thought despondently of the previous disappointments.

Angelo's emergence from the operating room did not end the suspense, however, for they were obliged to wait several days for the removal of the bandages which alone would determine the success or failure of the operation.

Ten days later Jerome was sitting comfortably by Angelo's bedside, unconvincingly simulating cheerfulness. The door opened quietly, and a white garbed nurse entered the room followed by Dr. Leblanc and several interested internes. Gently she raised the little head and began to unwind foot after foot of white bandage from the pathetically thin cheeks. Even the great Dr. Leblanc leaned forward tensely—expectantly. Personal interest as well as professional pride, caused him to hope for the best, for Angelo's striking, lovable personality had won others than his benefactor.

Jerome's own eyes were riveted almost hypnotically on the deft fingers of the nurse. Each occupant of the room seemed fascinated by the still figure in the white bed.

The last bandage fell away and a spontaneous, joyful cry broke the tense silence.

"I can see," cried Angelo brokenly.

Left alone, Jerome and Angelo stared, almost embarrassedly at each other. For the first time Angelo saw clearly the features of his beloved "Mr. Barber," and Jerome became suddenly speechless at the realization of his most cherished hope. Even the cries of the newsboys on the streets were insufficient to arouse them from their contemplation of one another.

But the headlines of the current newspapers caused much excitement later in the day. "Closed Banks to Refund Large Percentage of Deposits," proclaimed the Evening Press.

—And the ecstasy of that day seemed almost recompense for the long, hopeless months of waiting.

VEDA EGGERS, '36.

Sonnet on Recovery

Just as the sun brings forth the rainbow's hue,
Bright and shining as a precious jewel,
When, after rain and snow and wind so cruel,
It showers rays of red and green and blue,
And makes the world and trees and flowers new;
Then, seemingly, a storm is made a tool
To change the world with rain drops wet and cool
Into a place more beautiful and true;
So Nature sends us struggles, wars, depressions
When people grow too selfish and too vain
To trust in others whom they should hold dear.
When none take heed of Nature's kindly lessons,
She sends us troubles as she sends the rain,
And men emerge more trusting and sincere.

RUTH MORLEY, '35.

Garden Fever

I must be in the gardens again, the gardens of flowers and trees,
And all I ask is a sunny day and a soft warm summer breeze,
And the bee's hum and the bird's song and the green grass waving,
And a happy smile on a flower's face and the bright fount playing.

I must be in the gardens again, for the sight of the fragrant flowers
Is a beautiful sight and a wonderful sight, a rest in nature's bower.
And all I ask is a free day with nothing else to do
But a slow walk and a soft tread the spacious gardens through.

VIOLET HAVERMANN, '36.

Class Prophecy

•

T WAS 1945—and when
I arrived upon my journey's end,
 I found myself within San Juan Hall,
 And upon the Principal I chanced to call.
Mr. Johns himself was still right there,
Unchanged except by the gray in his hair.
 We pulled out records—both old and new—
 And the graduates passed us in review.
And as we talked there did arrive
A graduate from the class of thirty-five.
 From England she had just returned;
 And it was from her that we learned
The fate of all of those who passed
Away from San Juan in that same class.
 RUTH MORLEY was this friend, you know,
 And trailing behind were her sons, Dick and Joe.
She talked and chatted with Mr. Johns and me,
And we discovered that BILL CASTEN was roving the sea.
 The Messrs. STILLMAN CORTELL and SCOTT SHAW
 Were back in New York practicing law.
Miss ELNA JOHNSON and Mr. CLYDE HULETT
We found were running the "Fair Oaks Gazette";
 While making crayon sketches of the King of Spain
 Were Misses MARY JANE TURNBULL and IRMA GREEN.
And two who were professors of archaeology in France
Were none other than PHIL HARRIS and JOHNNY VANCE.
 Down the streets of Broadway, large letters were set,
 Announcing the fame of that dancer, PEGGY CORKETT.
At the White House, too, some graduates resided
And the fate our nation duly decided;
 For DORIS OSBORNE was the able president,
 And HOWARD NEWELL a doughty cabinet resident,
While DESMOND EATON was the chief debater,
And HARUYE ARASE was writing a paper
 About those people who were politically bent,
 Including PAUL ORWIG and MAX REESE who to Congress were sent.
Those famous sisters, ELEANOR and MARJORIE ROSE,
Run a dainty tea house, the records disclose.
 CERNA OWEN had become a great dietitian,
 And HOMER NOSS a famous physician;
While BARNEY JOHNSON with his great invention
In the field of science was causing much contention.
 LORENE FOX was the greatest "symphonist" in town,
 And JOE SMITH was a second Joe E. Brown.
GERTRUDE STOUT was a heralded Olympic star,
While FRANCIS GREEN demonstrated a new kind of car;
 ETHEL WILLIAMSON was an efficient office manager,
 And STEVE BARANEK, a stalwart forest ranger.
TOM NORTON and JOHNNY COWAN were causing great exhilaration,
For they had both modeled for a famous cartoonist sensation;

Class Prophecy

FRANKLIN ASTLE and DONALD BENNETT, despite all their fears,
Climbed the ladder of success and were now engineers,
BETTY COWAN as a movie actress had won much fame,
And BENA COLOMBO as a dancer was doing the same.
LOUIS LOGAN, LELAND BALDWIN, and DAN PHILLIPPE
Were known o'er the land as the "barn-stormers" three.
Our former school singer, Miss MARY MAY WARD,
Was proclaimed prima donna with one accord.
MARY KORICH planned rest cabins for tourists' resorts,
JOYCE LAWRENCE was tennis champion on international courts.
An operator of television we found ALWIN HEIM,
And NEIL WILSON was running an air mail line.
DOROTHEA MARK was a designer on Fifth Avenue,
GLADYS STARK a gym teacher at Kalamazoo.
RUTH RUSSELL and HATTIE HOLLAND, shy little wives,
Were busy as bees in their cozy "hives."
DOROTHY DOWNING, an experienced interior decorator,
Worked at Breuner's, where JACK GLANCY ran an elevator.
CHARLIE BARTELLS and BOB HAUSER, well known auctioneers,
Were always received with laughter and cheers.
BILL O'NEAL, a scenario writer, married a Hollywood dame;
As a dramatic critic LISLE SELBY had won great fame,
RICHARD CODMAN claimed ownership in a "Milady's Store,"
While THEDA CALL modeled robes on the second floor.
CHARLIE GIMBEL was known o'er the world as an electrician,
RICHARD HEATH held the title of a well known magician.
OLLIE CAREY we found a poetic romanticist,
And KENNETH COPREN, a concert violinist.
Imagine RAYMOND JOHNSON as a leading pharmacist,
ALVA SAUL, a great financier, heading the list!
In Folsom, HAZEL HILLYARD was running for Mayor—
In distant Africa, JIM WHEAT was trying wild animals to snare.
JESSIE MCGRATH was a collector of "calico cats,"
DOROTHY ORWIG modeled DOROTHY HARRISON's hats.
LELAND MCKEOWN was an expert radio mechanic;
LEONARD HALL raised vegetables on a scale gigantic.
HELEN DAVIS was now our latest haberdasher,
While as a mannikin at Hale's RAMONA NAY was a crasher.
ALBERTA FOWLER had worked in many beauty salons;
LUCILE DICKSON was at Woolworth's selling children bonbons.
MARGARET MONTGOMERY sang over the radio;
BILL BOND was announcer over KPO.
MELBA HIXSON managed the State Veterinary;
ROY HARPER was in charge of a large mortuary.
GLEN DOWNING and LOUISE IRWIN were engaged in photography,
While LORENE WALKER gained success in millinery.
And when we had passed the very last name,
And thought of those many who had won joy and fame,
We wished that we could see them, each and all,
For just a moment—just to recall
The smiles that wreathed those faces so alive
Of the happy students of the Class of '35.

JOYCE WARD, '36.



Dal

Jimmy C.

Manager

"Actor"

Valedictorian

Sports Editor

Champ. Athlete

Yell Leader

S. B. Pres.

Ass't Manager

Ex-S. B. Pres.

Yearbook Editor

Champ. Athlete

Spartan Editor

Sr. President

"Hi-Y'er"

Sr. Vice-Pres.

Spartan "Society"

Track Star

Sr. Secty.

F. F. A. Pres.

Block S. J. Pres.

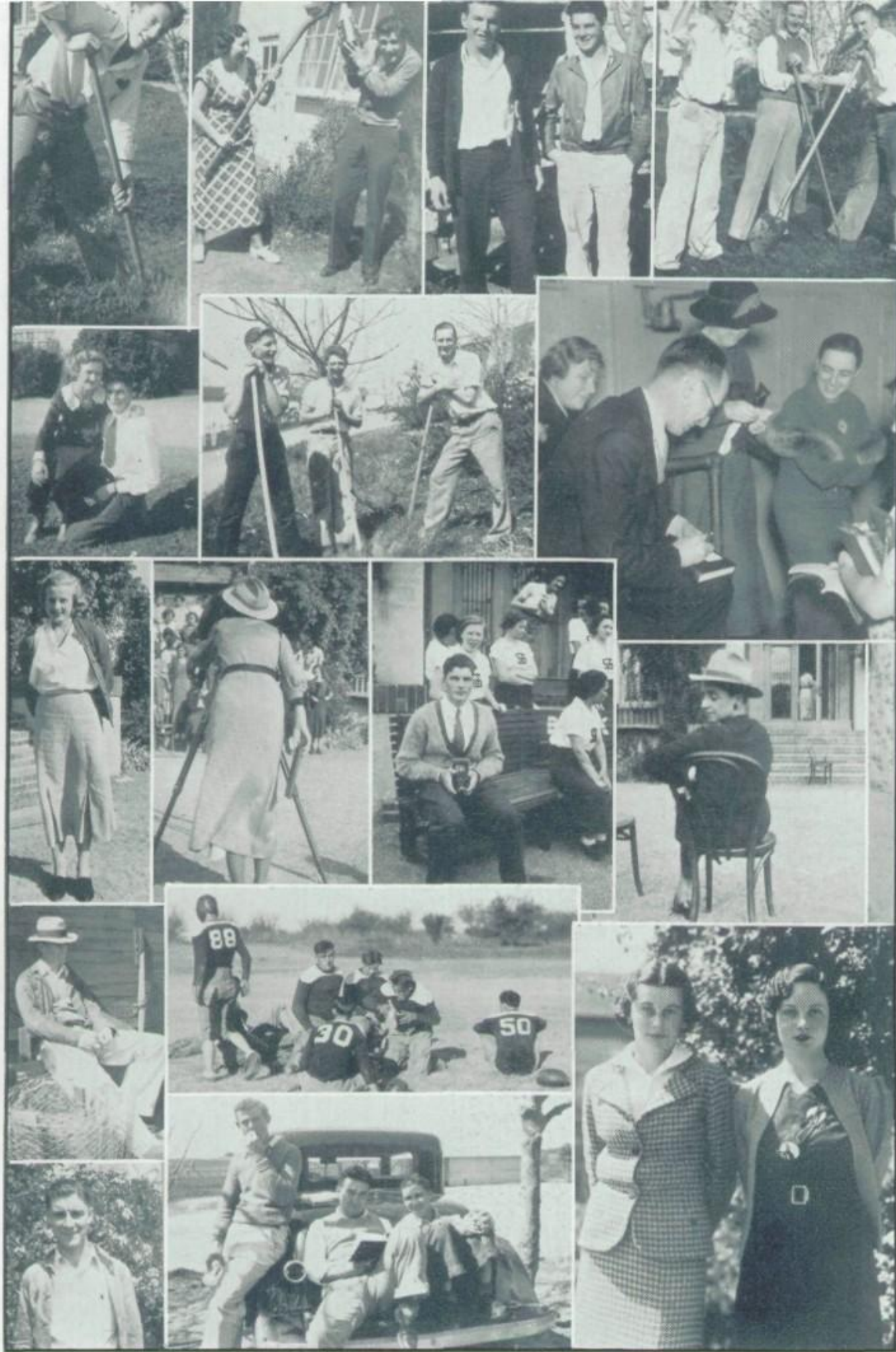
Best Pal

Class Will

WE, the Class of 1935, acting upon the supposition that we are in full possession of our faculties and powers of reason, and looking confidently forward to the prosperous days to come, do desire to bequeath to the lower classmen some of our most prized possessions, to wit:

- I, Haruye Arase, leave my maidenly shyness to Marian Caskey.
- I, Franklin Astle, leave my frown to a Freshie vassal.
- I, Leland Baldwin (Editor), leave the Annual to any creditor.
- I, Steve Baranek, leave to Paul Blunk my Muscle Tonic.
- I, Donald Bennett, leave my biography to him who can pen it.
- I, Bill Bond, leave to Bill Vance my gal-friends fond.
- I, Theda Call, leave to Joyce Ward my brazen gall.
- I, Ollie Carey, leave to Carmine my masculine quarry.
- I, Bill Casten, leave my modesty to Bolin. Blast 'im!
- I, Dick Codman, leave my birds and bats to another odd man.
- I, Colombo, Bena, leave my "figger" to someone "leanah."
- I, Ken Copren, leave my three harems to Randal Ovren.
- I, Peggy Corkett, leave to Peggy Eaton my best grin yet.
- I, Stillman Cortell, leave to no one my power to foretell.
- I, Cowan, Betty, leave to B. W. my boy-friend, "Pettie" (with boots).
- I, John Cowan, leave my sister to others who need homework done.
- I, Davis, Helen, leave to anyone my faultless spellin'.
- I, Lucile Dickson, leave my chemical ability to Betty Hixson.
- I, Dorothy Downing, leave to June Wright my artless clowning.
- I, Downing, Glen, leave my prowess to a "Man among Men."
- I, Eaton, Dizzy, leave my curls to Whitsell, "Lizzie."
- I, Alberta Fowler, leave my old notes to June (also Fowler).
- I, Lorene Fox, leave to Norma Cooley my vivid half-socks.
- I, Charles Gimbel, leave to John Vincent my excuses nimble.
- I, Jack Glancy, leave to Fritz Ebert a young man's fancy.
- I, Francis Green, leave . . . well, that remains to be seen.
- I, Irma Green, leave to the highest bidder my sarcasm keen.
- I, Leonard Hall, leave to posterity my "rep," and that's all.
- I, Roy Harper, leave my subtle jokes to someone sharper.
- I, Philip Harris, leave my feminine admirers much wiser. Yes!
- I, Dorothy Harrison, leave to Addie Smith the Navy Garrison.
- I, Robert Hauser, leave to all my expression, "Yowsah!"
- I, Dick Heath, leave to Tom Mapel my baseball laurel wreath.
- I, Alwin Heim, leave my girl-crazy qualities to Gysbers, the Sublime.
- I, Hazel Hillyard, leave to Beatrice Johns my skill at billiards.
- I, Melba Hixson, leave my sylph-like form to Dorothy Dickson.
- I, Hattie Holland, leave my scarlet tresses to absolutely no one.
- I, Clyde Hulett, leave the Sports Section to him who can do it.
- I, Irwin, Louise, leave my innocence to Chapman, Louise.
- I, Elna Johnson, leave my dimples to "them as wants 'em."
- We, Ray and Barney Johnson, leave our smiles to Ruth Thompson.
- I, Mary Korich, leave my bashfulness to Mary O'Branovich.
- I, Lawrence, Joyce, leave to Jeanne Filcher my wheedling voice.
- I, Louis Logan, leave my singing to Mr. Hogin (for improvement).
- I, Jessie McGrath, leave to anyone my unfinished Math.
- I, Leland McKeown, leave my journalistic station to D. McKeown (no relation).
- I, Margaret Montgomery, leave Selby's chemistry to some other worker.
- I, Ruth Morley, leave my charms to one who needs them sorely.
- I, Ramona Nay, leave my letter from B. O. to him who can get it.
- I, Howard Newell, leave to Gordon Call my "A's" in school.
- I, Thomas Norton, leave to Bob Raymond my patent on snortin'.
- I, Homer Noss, leave my profundity to Shirley Ross.
- I, Bill O'Neal, do leave San Juan . . . at last!!!!
- I, Dorothy Orwig, leave my pep to those who "go for" Bran Flakes' rep.
- I, Paul Orwig, leave my hirsute growth to John Smilanick.
- I, Doris Osborne, leave to Phoebe Howard my expression of scorn.
- I, Owen, Cerna, leave six broken hearts and don't give a "derma."
- I, Max Reese, leave to the school unaccustomed peace.
- We, the Rose sisters, leave to all girls our surplus misters.
- I, Ruth Russell, leave to Virginia Poissant my left arm's muscle.
- I, Lisle Selby, leave for a sanatorium when I'm through with this will.
- I, Scott Shaw, leave all the females in abject awe.
- I, Joe Smith, leave "Mugsie"—over my dead body!
- I, Gladys Stark, leave my noisiness to Jeanne Stark.
- I, Toots Stout, leave all my possessions lying about.
- I, Turnbull, Mary, leave my wink to Barbara Pefley.
- I, John Vance, leave to Irving Gum my "come-hither" glance.
- I, Lorene Walker, leave my fleet feet to another walker.
- I, Mary May Ward, leave my giggle to Edgar Lord.
- I, Jimmie Wheat, leave to Jimmie Beemer my ability to eat.
- I, Ethel Williamson, leave my humor to Frances Anderson.
- I, Neil Wilson, leave my long, dark lashes to Virginia Gilman.

Signed, Sealed, and Delivered—Class of 1935.
(per L. J. S.)



At It Again
 Recurrence
 "Mae Morris"
 Enthusiasm
 Same Shy Smile

Hit 'Em Again!
 Same Old Story
 Cornering Camera Man

Same Old Pair
 You Might Know
 Hog
 Rest Hour

Eternal Triangle
 Honoring Us
 "Mr. and Mrs. To You"
 Secretaries

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 10—School opens. My word! Freshmen everywhere!
- 21—San Juan gives the Freshmen a royal welcome.
- 24—Freshman-Sophomore Scamper. Hurray for the Sophs!
- 25—First rally led by Mr. Lawrence. It is a great success, full of "pep" and good fun.
- 26—First class meetings of the year. Plenty of plans afoot!
- 27—Mathematic classes take a vacation today. Mr. Armstrong is absent.
- 28—Pop! Pop! Hi-Y girls have a soda sale at the football game.

OCTOBER

- 1—Mr. Price's assembly, an alumni program. Welcome back, Betty Anne, Inez, and Frances.
- 4—Joyce Lawrence raises a general disturbance in the library. Joyce, we're surprised!
- 12—Somebody's face is red. Delilah Caldwell falls down the front steps. O dear!! Leland Baldwin is the rescuing hero.
- 14—A new plan is introduced for advisory groups. They are now *Conference Groups*.
- 17—Senior girls go to Roseville to break Mr. Holmboe's camera.
- 24—Student Body Program. It "goes over big," and the staff of GREENBACK NOTES is happy.
- 26—Yearbook and Spartan staffs go to Chico to Press Convention. Congratulations on winning such high honors.

NOVEMBER

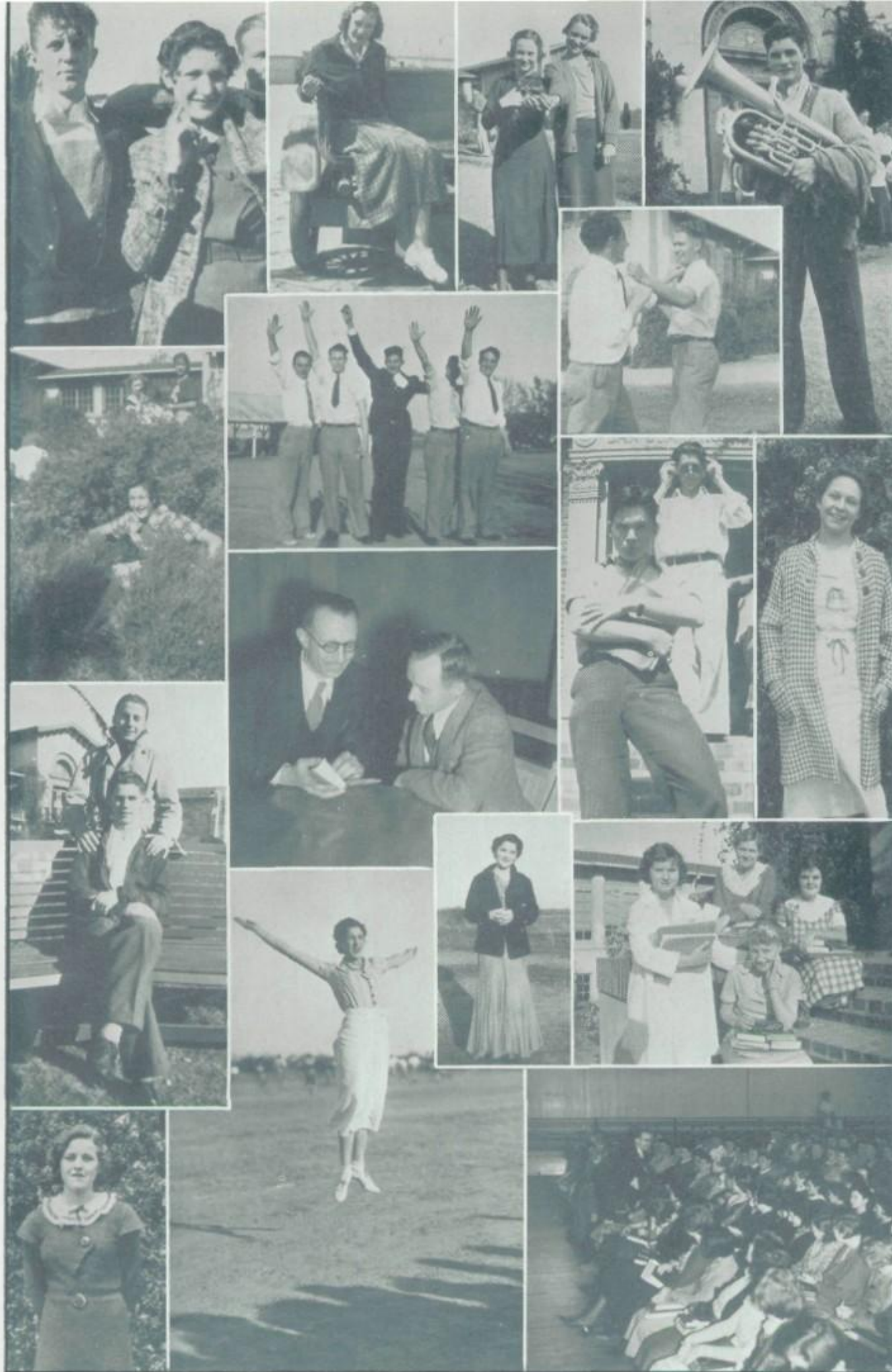
- 2—Sophomores go Spanish in annual Sophomore Hop.
- 6—Joe Smith sleeps in Mr. Hugin's assembly—but the band plays on.
- 11—School is dismissed in honor of Armistice Day.
- 16—Girls of the Hi-Y give a lovely Football Dance.
- 23—"Whimsy" presented by the Seniors. Congratulations, Seniors—a great play.
- 23—School is dismissed for a week—Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER

- 3—Back to hard work again.
- 4—Mr. Snyder's assembly. He shows amusing pictures of Seniors of '34 on their trip to the ocean. We'll be more careful this year.
- 5—Betty Hixson's face (or somethin') is red today. Carl Heath pulls a chair from under her. Tisk!
- 13—Miss Armstrong's sixth period English class presents several scenes from "A Tale of Two Cities." It is well done.
- 17—Mrs. Baratini gives her first detention today. The victims receive two hours apiece.
- 20—"Polished Pebbles" is presented by the Music Department.
- 23—School dismissed for a Christmas vacation of ten days.

JANUARY

- 3—Well, it seems Dear Old Santa Claus treated everyone swell.
- 9—Addie Smith, with shoes off, dries her wet feet by the heater.
- 10—Mr. George B. Hall, who is to take Mr. Hawthorne's place, arrives this morning.
- 11—Annual Ag. Banquet. Boy! What savory odors from the kitchen!
- 15—"Duke" Myers, the Globe Trotter, entertains at assembly with a very interesting talk on newspaper work.
- 18—The Girls' Hi Jinx. Even the teachers come in costume—and are real "kids" with us.
- 31—Scott Shaw thinks the way the girls wear their hair now is "simply terrible"—"regular rats' nests."



Bliss
 "Oops!"
 Pals
 Sweetness

Age of Innocence
 Hail, San Juan!
 "Walter Winchells"
 In the Air

Hamburgs
 Sock 'Em
 Darkie
 Queenie

Windy
 Secretary
 Quadruplets
 "Duke" tells 'em

FEBRUARY

- 4—Two more new students. Welcome, Dan and Virginia.
- 7—Bill Casten enjoys a nap while his classmates listen to Mr. Lawrence's history lecture.
- 8—Marjorie Rose asks the "boy friend" out to serve detention with her.
- 13—And Eleanor Rose thinks she is a duck—playing tennis in the mud puddles.
- 18—Mr. Todd, former S. F. Postmaster, gives a very interesting talk on George Washington.

MARCH

- 2—Bill O'Neal leaves for New York to attend a Press Convention.
- 7—Miss Knock presents a group of girls from the Sacramento Junior College who entertain us with a puppet show.
- 8—"Steamrollers" vanquish "Bonecrushers." (Just basketball teams.)
- 11—Snow! And did the snowballs fly??!!
- 12—Miss Fitch returns after a week's illness.
- 14—Bill O'Neal—a sight-seer in the great metropolis of New York.
- 16—Typing team wins honors in Sacramento.
- 19—Mary Lucich and George Artz from the Pease Music Studios capture our hearts.
- 20—On a dare, Ethel Williamson, supposedly a "dignified" Senior, jumps from the library window.
- 21—First day of spring! Yes, "it's in the air."
- 25—Did Miss Knock receive a scare this morning?? Some one "kidnapped" her car. (Found "victim" two blocks away.)

APRIL

- 1—Report cards today—and were a lot of us fooled????
- 2—To stay for detention or to hoe weeds?—that is the question.
- 4—Mr. Holmboe has us "look at the birdie" for more group pictures.
- 5—"The Boomer" is presented by the Juniors, and success is truly theirs.
- 8—The Honor Scholarship Society treat themselves to a well deserved banquet.
- 9—Seniors "silhouetted" by Ted Ellsworth, who christens Louie Logan "El Capitan." We wonder why??
- 10—Who says that only girls are vain? Just look at Kenny Brown's permanent.
- 11—Education Program, and the parents see what we do at San Juan.
- 12—Spring Vacation—and the popularity contest ends, with Elna Johnson and Joe Smith the winners.
- 13—Davis Picnic—with San Juan placing fifth.
- 22—A new candidate for future Spartan squads. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Paine.
- 26—Quill and Scroll Banquet.

MAY

- 3—Senior Ball. A lovely affair in a lovely setting.
- 10—Senior girls call off their two-day trip to Dillon's Beach.
- 16—Seniors enjoy a very lovely banquet as guests of the Junior Class. . . Mrs. MacLeod likes the Elks' Observation Tower. Ahem!
- 17—Music, music everywhere—San Juan's Music Festival.
- 22—Why all the excitement? Ah, GREENBACK NOTES '35 arrives!
- 23—A busy day and an interesting evening—our annual school fair.
- 24—Senior boys take their annual trek.
- 26—We are really dignified Seniors for our Baccalaureate Service.
- 28—Ag. boys (lucky creatures) depart for Yosemite Valley.
- 30—Last high school holiday.
- 31—Farewell, San Juan.



Flirt
Ballet
Nut Cracking
"Soaks"

"Frats"
More Work
Freshies
Demure

Stars
Cute???
Sylvan
Charm

Big Shot
"Buttercup"
Dickie
Rooters

"Ups!"
Solitude
Wifie
Studios

Social Events of 1934-35

DURING the depression, the traditional events of San Juan were, to a certain extent, curtailed. Because of this, the different classes worked very hard to "put over" their activities in typical San Juan manner.

As this year has marked the beginning of Recovery, the social events have been "bigger and better." Large crowds have been in attendance and most of the entertainments have been financial, as well as social, successes. A theme was chosen for each of the four class events (the Freshman Reception, the Sophomore Hop, the Junior Prom, and the Senior Ball) and the decorations for each event were cleverly planned and effectively carried out.

The programs and dances this term have far exceeded all expectations, and it is the aim of every San Juan student to keep the activities on the same high scale in the future.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On the evening of September 21, the Freshmen were officially installed as members of our school. Prior to this they were subject to the inevitable "hazing" which is customary for the Seniors to inflict upon them.

Louis Logan presented the Freshmen from each district as they entered the gymnasium in groups. Scott Shaw, President of the Senior Class, gave a short speech of welcome. Allan Stonesifer replied in behalf of the Freshmen, and an enjoyable program was presented by the more talented members of the class.

SOPHOMORE HOP

This year the Sophomores decided to follow a Spanish theme in presenting their annual dance. In accordance with this theme an improvised balcony, draped with Spanish shawls, was placed over the orchestra platform, and the rest of the auditorium was beautifully decorated with shawls and festoons of greens. During the intermission a short program served as an entertaining diversion in the evening of dancing. Nina Jean Maloney, in Spanish costume, made a charming and effective Senorita, indeed, as she sang Spanish songs from the balcony.

Refreshments were served later in the evening and thus was ended an evening in Old Spain, the land of Beauty and Romance.

FOOTBALL DANCE

On November 16, the Girls' Hi-Y held a dance to honor the players at the end of the football season. The receipts of this dance were used to aid the Christmas Party, which is given each year for the needy of the community. The decorations followed a collegiate theme. College pennants were hung around the walls to add to the effect. Above the orchestra, goalposts, similar to those used on the football field, were erected and covered with crepe paper of our school colors. A novel note was struck when refreshments were served from within a huge football which had been placed at one end of the gym. We hope that the Girls' Hi-Y, encouraged by the success of their first Football Dance, will decide to make this an annual affair.

AG. BANQUET

The first Ag. banquet was held only two years ago, but each one has been so successful that they have already become a part of the traditions of San Juan. Each year the boys receive turkeys as payment for pruning orchards around the community and so, with the aid of Miss Berckhan and Miss Knock, are able to enjoy this evening of dining and dancing. Each member of the Ag. III Class may invite a partner, and these, together with a few selected members of the faculty as guests, are the only ones privileged to attend. At the banquet this year, on January 10, the auditorium was decorated with flowers and mistletoe, and tiny turkeys formed the place cards. Music and speeches compiled the program which followed the banquet, and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

GIRLS' HI-JINX

The Girls' Hi-Jinx is the one event of the year from which boys are excluded. It is a rule that everyone who attends must come in costume, and this gives an original effect to the entire evening. Many of the mothers of the girls were in attendance on January 18, as were the women teachers and the wives of the faculty men. Everyone joined in playing games, fortunes were told, and charades and a burlesque fashion show formed an unexpected part of the program. Prizes were awarded for the cleverest costumes and the proud winners were Lois Wildberger, who came as "Wootie-toot," and Dorothy Dickson, who made a very pathetic blind man.

BLOCK S. J. BANQUET

Novelty place cards with the Block Letter insignia, plus an excellent dinner, contributed to form an extraordinary evening for the members of both Block S. J. societies on January 30. After the banquet, a few impromptu speeches were given, with Joe Smith as toastmaster. A vocal solo by Dorothy Orwig and piano solos by Scott Shaw and Ethel Williamson completed the program, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

JUNIOR PROM

The Juniors, on March 1, again proved their ingenuity in developing the theme for their Prom. This theme, Rainbows, was appropriate for the spring season and in keeping with the yearbook theme of Recovery. A huge rainbow was arched over the dance floor and at the end, under a golden spot light, was the proverbial pot of gold. A smaller rainbow extended over the orchestra and vari-colored lights and lovely greens completed the decorations.

SENIOR BALL

The Senior Ball, on May 3, provided a fitting climax to the social season and to the high school careers of the Seniors. The Seniors decided to offer their last dance as a tribute to our President and his efforts to bring Recovery to our country. The pastel formals of the girls formed a lovely complement to the soft lights and greens. Red, white, and blue streamers carried out the patriotic idea, and the emblems of the many federal reconstruction programs and codes reminded the dancers that the United States is once more on the road to Recovery. The stately Grand March gave an added air of dignity to our only formal dance of the year. The silver dance programs bore a small blue NRA stamp, and each dance was named for a national project. On this evening, too, Elna Johnson and Joe Smith, voted the most popular students in school, were guests of honor and were presented with fitting awards.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

This year the Juniors started a New Deal all their own in giving the Junior-Senior Banquet on May 16. This year, for the first time, the banquet was held away from the school. At the beautiful Elks' Temple in Sacramento, it was a success in every sense of the word. The theme was one of the most cleverly developed of the whole year. The tables were decorated with blue and white flowers, while red candles completed the color scheme. Silver letters, representing the various acts and projects of the New Deal, were strewn upon the tables. The place cards followed the idea of Recovery, as did the speeches which followed the banquet. Joyce Ward, Muriel Maddox, and Violet Havermann foretold the futures of each Senior, while Lisle Selby read the Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1935. After the program, dancing and games were enjoyed, and the evening was brought to a climax with a trip to the Observation Tower. The spirit of encouragement and progress which prevailed throughout the evening made it a fitting farewell to the Senior Class.

In Lighter Vein

Poor LISLE SELBY, '35, is in a dilemma, isn't he?

INDECISION

My wife, she'll have long black locks,
The color of a madman's hate . . .
Dark as the shadow of moonlit rocks.
But what of summer's sunlit hue?
Dancing haze of noon . . .
Blondes are fascinatin', too.
I dream sometimes of smold'ring fire,
Sometimes of royal flame . . .
Red-gold, those are the locks that I desire;
But what of that russet, when Autumn's come?
Or that exotic shade . . .
The blonde that men call "platinum"?
With never a zag and never a zig,
Smooth, cool-coiled . . .
Like some fantastical metal wig.
A sudden thought has me appalled—
What if she later . . . became bald?

RUTH MORLEY, '35, just "can't be bothered" with all this conventional decorum.

PAGE EMILY POST

There's been a heap o' argument
Concernin' etiket,
But it never seemed to bother me,
No matter where I et.
I calc'late folks who crab about
The proper fork or knife
Are pickin' on the little things,
Stead o' the real *big things* of life.
'Pears, iffen you do what's right,
An' allus give folks their dues,
You'll go to heaven, anyway—
Whichever knife you use.

Now we know what VIOLET HAVERMANN, '36, thinks about her science projects.

MAP-MAKING

With sheets of cardboard, scissors, and glue,
I stand and work the whole hour thru.
No time to rest; no time to eat;
Blisters on fingers as well as on feet.
Up one mountain to a dizzy height,
Down a valley and out of sight,
Across the deserts of sandy soil,
Now across a river in great turmoil.
And when there's a mistake, O gosh! O gee!
Detention ahead is all I can see!
So this is the way I make my maps—
With nothing but a "D" at the end, perhaps.

An Appreciation

TO OUR PATRONS AND ADVERTISERS:

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to the business and professional men and women, upon whose cheerful aid and cooperation the success of our publication largely depends. Our yearbook means much to us, and we always strive to publish an annual of which we may be justly proud. It makes us happy, therefore, to feel that we have friends who are interested in what we are doing and who are willing to aid us in one of our very worth while activities. Therefore, for your loyal support, we thank you, and we hope that the *Spirit of Recovery* will spread its wings propitiously over all your undertakings.

TO OUR FACULTY AND FELLOW STUDENTS:

We thank you for your hearty and enthusiastic support. May you enjoy every page of the GREENBACK NOTES '35 and treasure our "Recovery Yearbook" all the days of your lives—for we feel that it embodies and exemplifies a real spirit of recovery.

TO MR. TED ELLSWORTH of Graphic Arts Photo Engraving Co., to Mr. Gus Ohlson of the Larkin Printing Co., to Mr. Peter Holmboe of the Holmboe Studio, and to Mr. Herbert Silvius of Silvius & Schoenbackler, Bookbinders, we express our sincere gratitude for their very generous assistance and for their many valuable and helpful suggestions.

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Thou ever wilt remain."*

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Jennie Wright

Gretchen Smith
Marg. Spier
34
Schoolmates

Audria Wallner 37
Bill 37
34

Marian Johnston 36

Florence Howie
35
B. S. Lockie
Margaret Wood

Veda Eggers 36
John Lindamich
Francis Green 35
Shirley 37
Shirley 37
Shirley 37

Mrs D. G. Lawrence
Jennie
Wartell

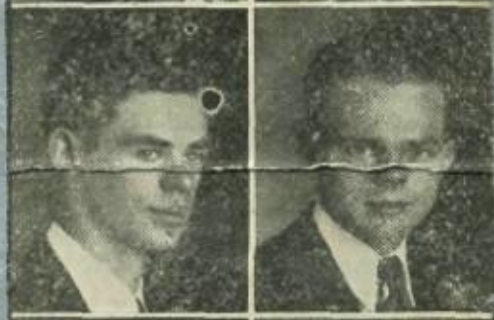
Wm. Van Haren
Elizabeth Moezingue
Edmond
Krasinski
Thos. M. Mordant
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J. H. P. rough

Wm Bond
— 35 —





Robert Davidson

Rebecca Davidson

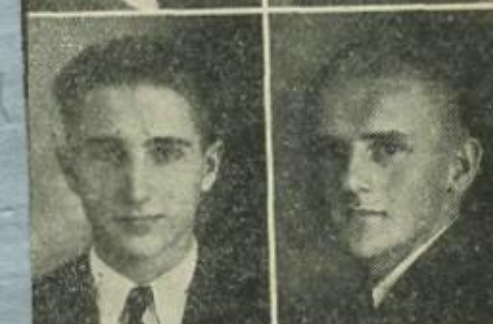
Anna Leonard

Bill Lewis

Cynthia Ryan

Arthur Smith

Margaret Smith



Francis Davidson

Frances Davidson

Edward Scott

Frank Scott

John Scott

Martin Scott

Mary Scott

